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are endorsed by many Englishmen who know something of what is in the minds of reasonably disposed, enlightened Germans. Here a highly-educated German, presumably not a youth, living in a particularly "cosmopolitan" city of first importance in the Reich, seems to make clear beyond doubt a truth which we have absolutely refused to believe possible. He says unequivocally that throughout Germany educated people "not only believe in this policy of encirclement which your Government are pursuing, but we are absolutely convinced of it." He declares also that educated people in Germany cannot be "led to believe" anything. On the contrary, they have far better facilities for learning the truth from foreign papers than have the British public, for the reason that the fair-minded, superior British journals have free entry to Germany and are widely read. This letter appeared under one by Lord Rennell, giving the full and long history of the "Encirclement" slogan from the early days of its creation for political purposes by Bismarck in the '60's. Since then, it has never died and was rampant in 1904–1914. If Herr Schmidt's letter is as true as it rings, we may well despair of our efforts, made and to make, to kill this myth *now*. What possible hope could be expected from a Ministry of Propaganda, or redoubled efforts by the F.O. department or the trebled energies of Ministerial spokesmen? If educated Germans are convinced of our design to "encircle" them, they are convinced that we are not opposed to fighting Germany, to risking all the filth and insanity and the final destruction of civilisation implicit in another world war. We know that not one Englishman in a million can contemplate such a prospect without unutterable horror, but does not pray daily that the defence front to which German aggression has reluctantly driven us may at the eleventh hour persuade Germany's leaders to offer that little gesture which might lead to immediate resumption of civilised relations, negotiation, and a truce to this nightmare of insanity. And there, if Herr Schmidt speaks truth, stands a barrier between us and all our hopes, between Germany and all her hopes, between Germany and ourselves, as utterly impregnable as it is baseless. Germany is "the village that voted the earth was flat." And for Germans the earth *is* flat and nothing that science can offer in proof of the contrary will move her. It is a terrible light which Herr Schmidt throws on the present situation.

EVACUATION: IS IT TOO LATE?

—Is it too late even now to start afresh and to work out rapidly the only scheme for evacuation which experience has shown can have any chance of real success? Or must we go on tinkering with the hasty measures evolved in the first panic, measures which involve the dissipation of so high a percentage of our available resources of energy and good will for A.R.P. and national services? It is a view now widely held that the right basis for evacuation policy is concentration and not dissemination of evacuees; first and foremost by the use of the enormous resources of all the greater country houses and any other large buildings, empty and in occupation. The Government should even now undertake a survey of such accommodation, which, without trenching on state rooms or rooms in family occupation, is enormous and adequate. In these houses the evacuated should be concentrated rather than be broadcast by twos and threes in every cottage and small house. So concentrated, all the local distributions and redistributions would be avoided, with their endless delays and complications, all the difficulties of food, material and orders distribution avoided. The essential control and inspections would be facilitated and nine-tenths of the adult population would be left free for defence services. Five women in rotation could by this means look after 100 children where under the present scheme thirty or more are earmarked and virtually prevented from doing more valuable service in war-time. As for medical, educational, and disciplinary control and inspection, these would at once become practicable, the costs would be cut by half and all transport problems made easy. Nay, the children could be educated on the spot in some cases. Is it too late; too much to expect that the Home Office will admit error and try to evolve a workable plan?

A COLOUR PLATE OF THE KING AND QUEEN

A limited number of specially mounted copies of the colour portrait of the King and Queen (which appeared in last week's issue), suitable for framing, can be obtained from the offices of this paper, price 2s. 6d., by post 6d. extra. Letters should be addressed to the Publisher, "The Sphere," 32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Owing to the great demand for last week's issue, every copy being sold within a few hours of publication, this will be the only means of obtaining this pleasing souvenir of the Royal Tour.

TAXING WAR PROFITS—ONE RESULT.

—In Hampshire there is a happy youth. He is eighteen. A few months ago he got his driving licence. He is now driving a lorry for a firm engaged in the construction of army huts, etc. His wages are £7 10s. a week. His father also is engaged by the firm in less "skilled" work and also draws £7 10s. a week. The mother is more than satisfied that £15 a week is brought back to the cottage where she lives. And the son is eighteen! And the father a labourer plain and simple!! Why is this? The firm, in view of the tax on war profits, present and in prospect, feel that a part of their taxable profits could usefully be employed in eliminating their labour problem by paying their men so high that they will stick like leeches, and risk no criticism of slackness. So here are the war profiteers back again, with the pianolas and sports cars on order; and at the end of it, disillusion, disappointment and the drab necessity to take work at last at far lower wages which alone industry can offer, save under war-time conditions, when there's "money to burn." £780 a year for father and son; qualified as aforesaid! And do they fill in their income-tax returns? . . . Here is a simple example of an eternal truth. The necessity for piling up armaments—wasting assets to whatever use they are put—has consequences wholly evil, at all times and in all events, and in every country and under legislative control howsoever strict. For human nature can never be changed by Act of Parliament.

MASTER OF THE TRINITY HOUSE.

—At the age of eighty-nine the Duke of Connaught presided last week at a Court of the Corporation of The Trinity House, at Tower Hill. It is a function he seldom misses, though it is his thirtieth successive year as Master. It comes as a surprise to remember that he succeeded his nephew in the office. For at least fifteen years in succession before his term began, his nephew King George V, as Duke and Prince, held the office and he never failed to record in his diary his attendance and the number of his years as Master. On his accession, the Duke of Connaught succeeded to that and other offices held by King George V. The elder Brethren are conservative and do not welcome change.

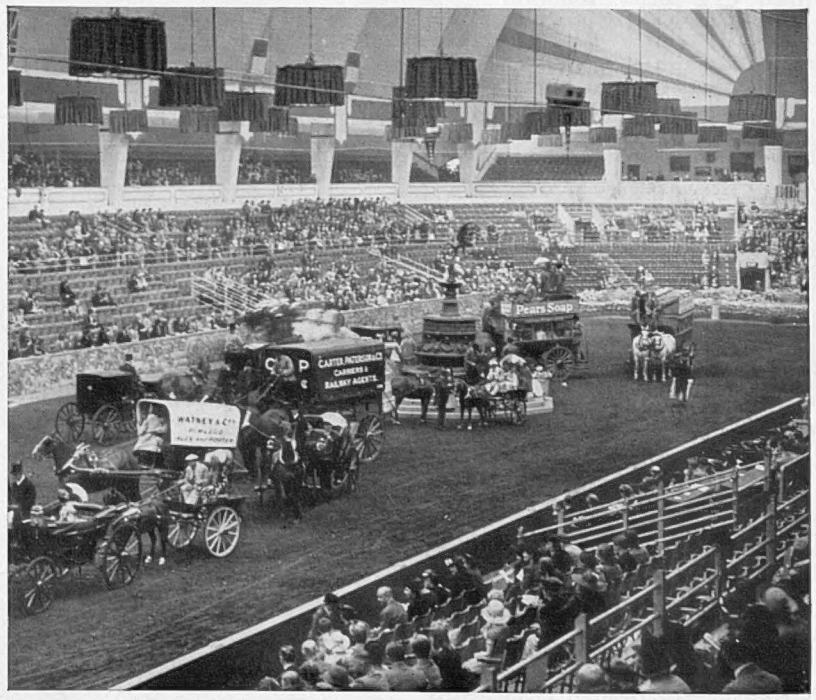
"DRAWING-IN."

—A great defect of our calendar is that our thoughts are directed towards autumn before the sweets of summer are usually signalled. "The days are drawing in"; it is a disgusting cliché. The oldest clock in the country—a certain carefully set stone at Stonehenge—which is said (optimistically) to function on one day every year, tells the dawn patrol of sightseers this time-honoured bromide and truth on June 22 if weather conditions permit. And then people, who have not yet given up fires after dinner, begin to think of fireside evenings and read gloomy reports of the Yorkshire grouse and send their guns to be "blued." However, there is another side to the picture. For a vast majority, the summer holidays and summer joys still lie ahead, Hitler and weather of course permitting.

THE STORKS.

—Owing to press of business less or more important, I sent my small daughter as my deputy to "cover" the Haslemere stork release. I append her report: "We went to see the storks at Haslemere Museum on June 23. They were in an old stable and were standing about very sadly, sometimes on one leg. Their wings were painted all different colours, two were green, two blue, and two red. We were told they had been painted with Polish dye. Several herrings were lying about in the straw but their real food is frogs, so they did not like the herrings much. They had been taken to Warsaw from their native town and from there to Croydon by air and to Haslemere by lorry. There was a bank of mist which stopped them from going home on June 23. But they could not be kept off their nests in Poland any longer and were released next day. Some people thought they would circle over Haslemere for over an hour until they were tiny specks." The end of the storks' flight is a matter of history. My deputy is computing now the proportion of my monthly screw which she intends to claim.

THE OLD STAGER

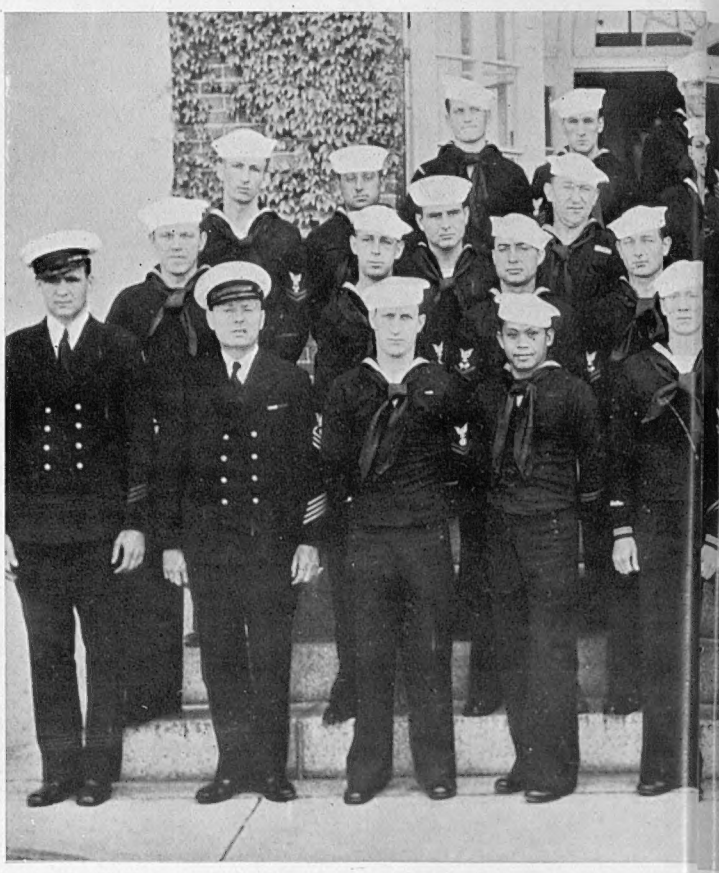


THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW OF 1939: The nine days when the horse reigns supreme at Olympia have come and gone. In the equine atmosphere of this international meeting political differences are forgotten and the victory of Lieut.-Colonel Alessandro Bettoni in winning the King George gold cup for Italy was received with much satisfaction. The Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, both keen and expert riders, attended one day last week and presented a cup to Anne Coates, winner of the girls' section of the best ponies class. Another interesting feature was the parading of trade turnouts of the ordinary light and heavy vanners one sees in London streets. The horses must be regular workers up to the time of the Show and no kind of specialised preparation is allowed, so that one sees in the arena the normal trade horse in his usual condition

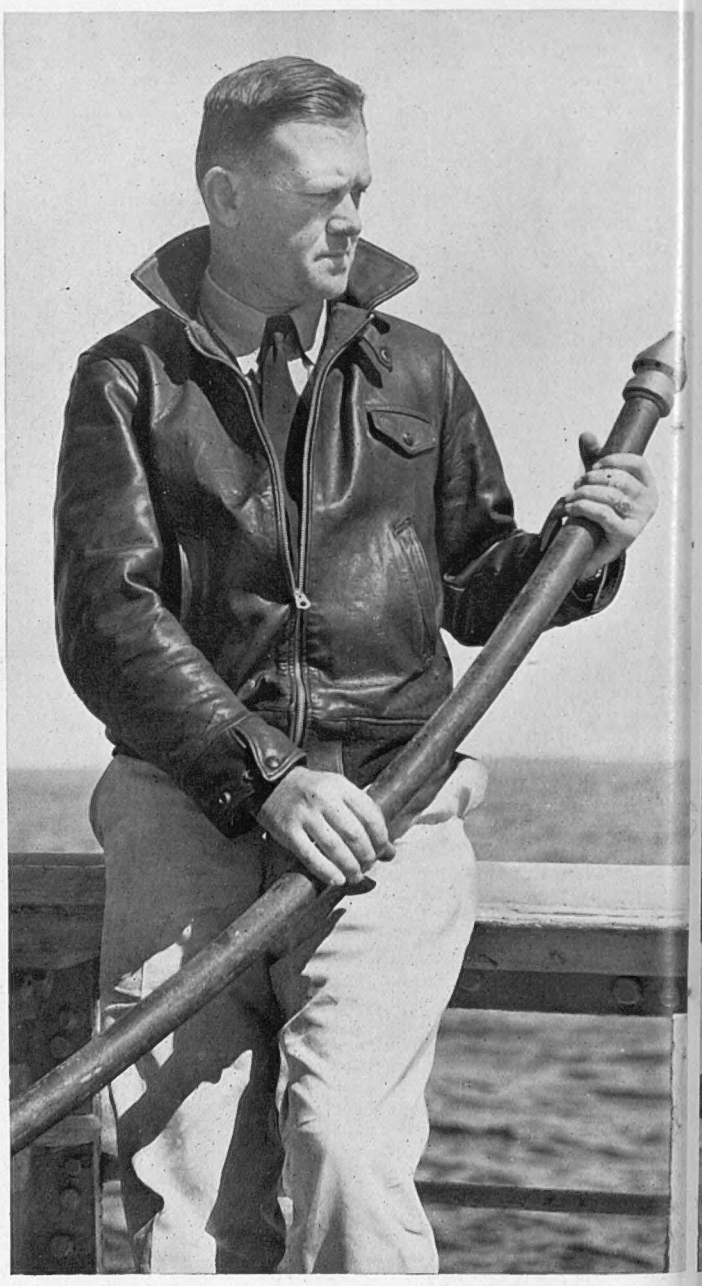
PICTURES THAT FOL

Fire in the City of London—Activities on the Rescue

HOLOCAUST IN THE CITY: A disastrous fire broke out in the offices of a shipping agent in Queen Victoria Street, next door to the College of Arms, last Monday in which a typist lost her life despite the efforts of the firemen to reach her in time. Long escape ladders forming a water tower saved the surrounding buildings. *Below* are seen employees being assisted down to the ground. On Tuesday night a more extensive fire devastated a large area in the Barbican district



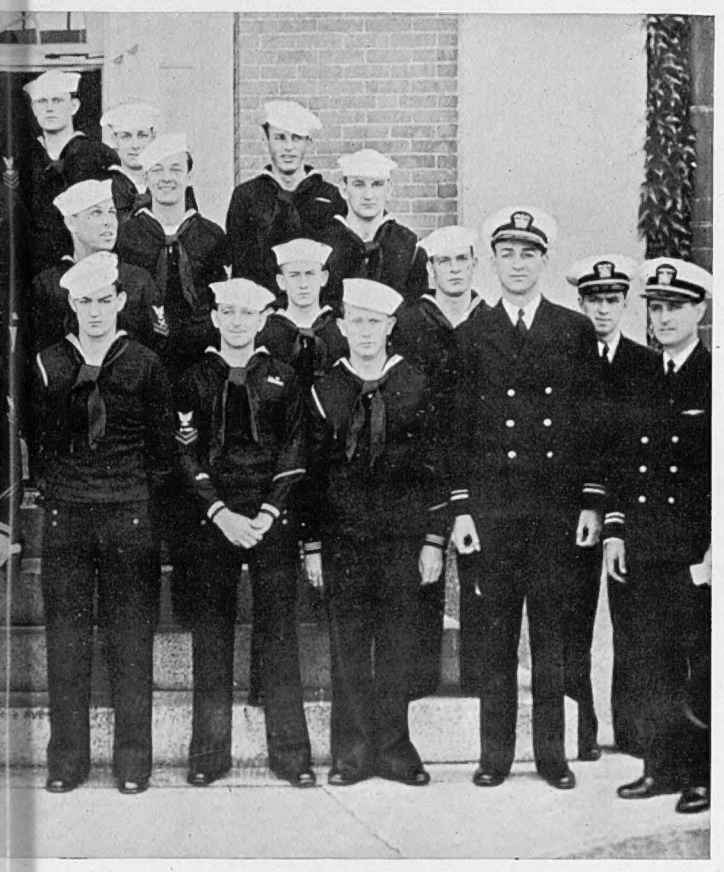
SURVIVORS ALL: The officers and men who were rescued with the aid of the diving bell from the ill-fated submarine *Squalus*, which recently sank in 240 ft. of water off New Hampshire. These men are



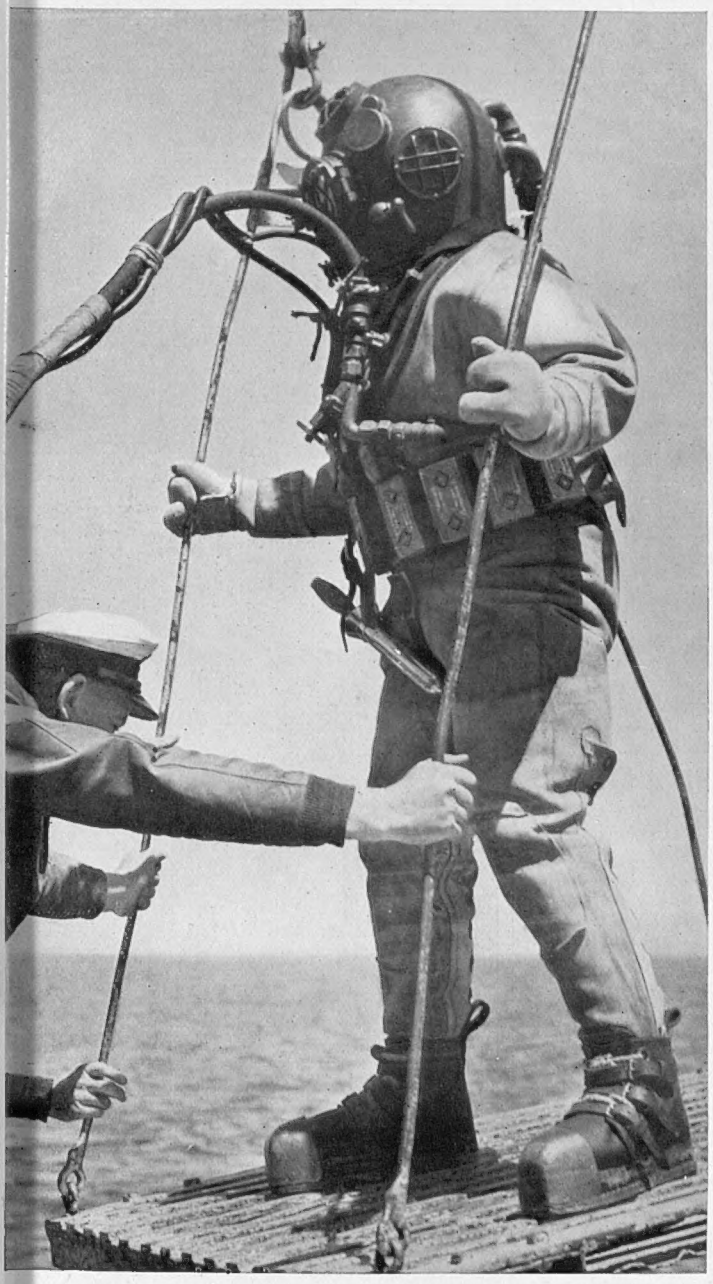
AN EXPERT IN LIFE-SAVING AND SALVAGE: Lieut.-Commander C. B. Momsen, the inventor of a submarine escape-lung, seen with a curved tunnelling pipe which he designed together with Commander A. L. McCann. This pipe was used to bore passages under the stern of the *Squalus* to enable pontoon chains to be placed in position

LOW THE HEADLINES

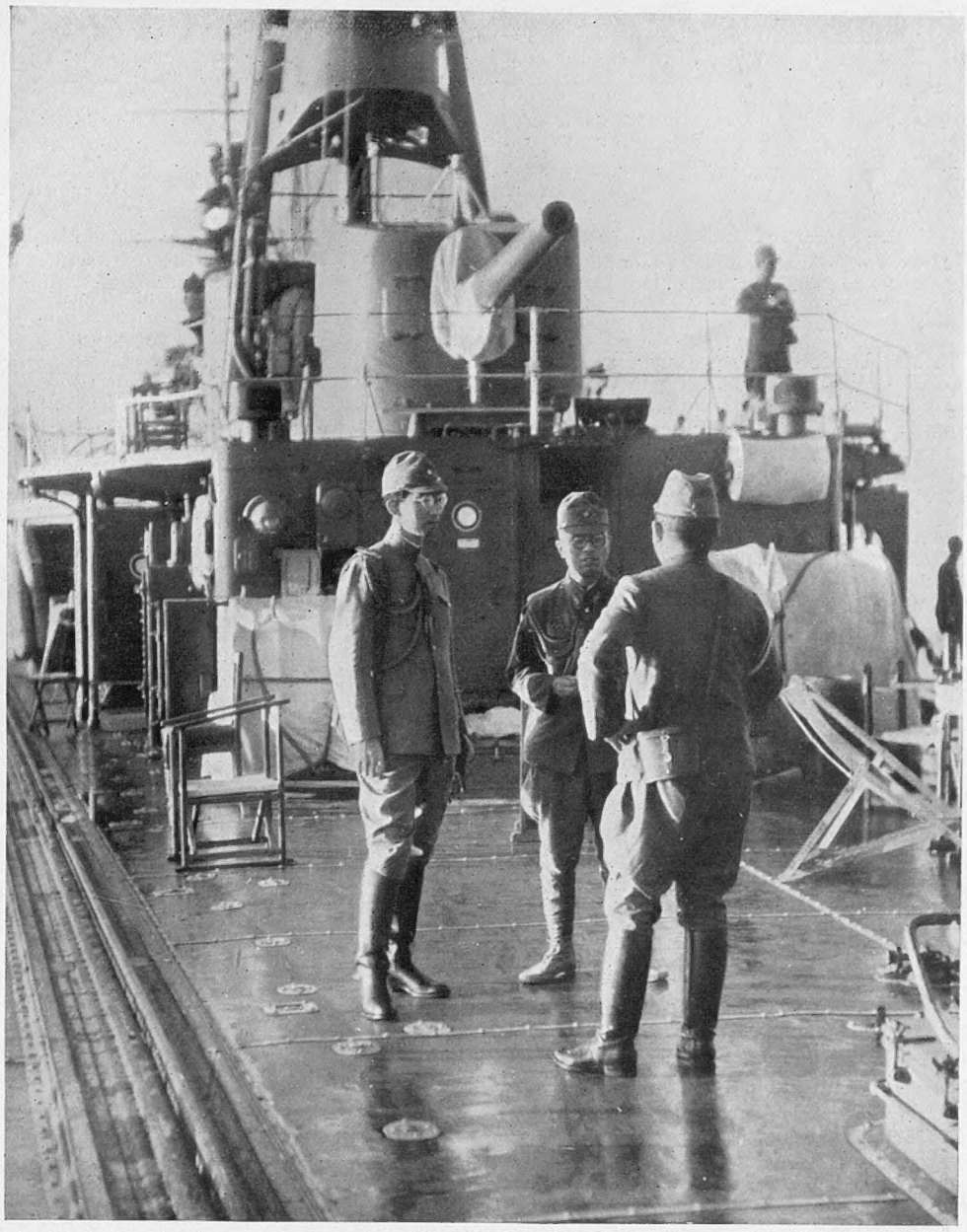
Ship "Falcon"—Prince Chichibu at Bias Bay



pictured as they attended the inquiry conducted by the U.S. Naval Board into the disaster which resulted in the deaths of twenty-six of their fellow members of the crew who were in the flooded portion of the stern



INTO THE DEPTHS: A naval diver on the *Falcon's* diving platform about to be lowered into the water where the *Squalus* lies 240 ft. below the surface 15 miles off the coast. The very heavy pressure of water encountered at such a depth greatly hampers the activities of the divers and reduces the time they may safely remain submerged



AT A JAPANESE LANDING ON THE CHINESE COAST: In addition to the recent landing at Swatow further naval and military moves against China's ports are envisaged in the news from the Far East. The above picture, which was taken on the occasion of the landing in force in Bias Bay, shows Prince Chichibu, brother of the Emperor of Japan, talking to two naval officers during the operations which eventually led to the capture of Canton

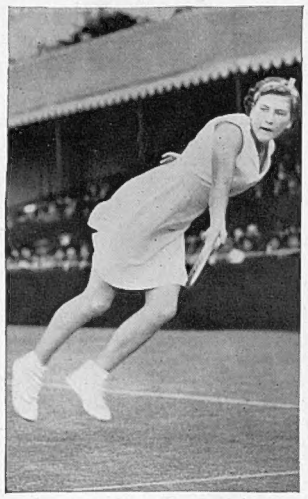
PRIZE-WINNER: Général de Brigade A. Lelong, French Military Attaché, presenting the first prize for French, awarded by the President of the French Republic, to Gentleman Cadet H. G. Pearce-Batten of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, at the half-yearly inspection on Friday of last week. Four companies of cadets took part in the parade before Lieut.-General G. C. Williams, who addressed them and stressed the importance of military training to-day

THE WIMBLEDON SEASON—1939

Players and Personalities

By ROY McKELVIE

IF, as is obviously expected by the seeding committee of the Wimbledon Championships who rate them respectively No. 1 man and woman, H. W. Austin (Great Britain) and Miss A. Marble (America), a blonde southerner with the limbs of a thoroughbred, win the Wimbledon singles titles their achievements will be fitting climaxes of very different but equally interesting lawn tennis careers.



JEAN NICOLL, a brilliant young newcomer

In the case of Austin, who is over thirty, the winning of the men's title will be the culmination of a long and sometimes heart-breaking innings. It will also be the achievement of one of his life's ambitions, for Austin now has great interests in other spheres. But, in the game, he has during the course of his dozen Wimbledons gone through a golden period with champions such as F. J. Perry, J. D. Budge, W. T. Tilden, H. E. Vines, now professionals, and J. H. Crawford, H. Cochet, and R. Lacoste. Notwithstanding, Austin has twice reached the final, only to meet with complete annihilation from two Californians, Budge and Vines. And Austin has also a great record of reaching the semi-final on many occasions. His chance has now come with the end of that great era and with the men's entry this year devoid of any player, except himself, who can be called great. But whether he has, owing to his recent Moral Rearmament tour in America, left his training too late remains to be seen.

KAY STAMMERS, England's brilliant and popular variable

Should Miss Marble win the women's title hers will be a triumph over a physical collapse several years ago which, at one time, threatened to remove her from the game for ever. The brief history of that disaster is this:—

Having begun to make herself felt as what the Americans describe as a "racket-swinger" in 1932, Miss Marble was well in the running for Wightman Cup honours in 1933. At a large tournament, the last and most important one prior to the Wightman Cup, Miss Marble was forced to play the semi-finals of singles and doubles on the same day and, having succeeded in both, asked to play the finals. Despite being on the verge of collapse, she battled on to complete the tournament, and then did collapse. This sacrifice kept her out of all important events, and the legacy left by that day's play reasserted itself the following year when she was sent to the French and Wimbledon championships. She collapsed in Paris and returned home.

Miss Marble then came under the influence of Miss Eleanor Tennant, a professional known as "Teach," who cared for her so much that Miss Marble's health was restored and in 1936 she made an astonishing come-back by winning the American National title, a crown worn by Mrs. F. S. Moody, Miss H. H. Jacobs and other great players. And she is the present holder of that crown.

Probably the most interesting man player in this year's championships is D. McNeill, an American, who is completing a world lawn tennis tour. McNeill was thought insufficiently good in his home country and was consequently dropped from a high place in the ranking to thirteenth last year. But his successes during his tour, including wins over G. von Cramm, the best amateur in the world who did not enter for Wimbledon, have been so great that he is now rated among the best men players. Recently he surprised everyone by winning the French title, beating his country's leading player, R. L. Riggs, in the final in three straight sets. He is only twenty-two and his ability has certainly not reached its zenith. This Wimbledon may bring out more and greater powers.

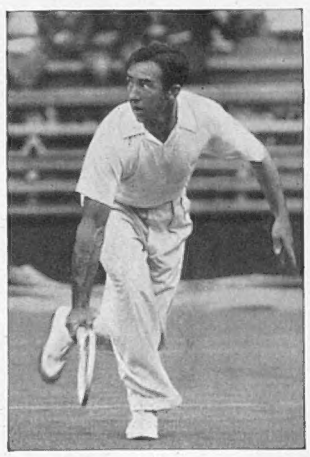
HELEN JACOBS, U.S.A., statuesque and popular

Riggs is a player, utterly unlike the usual Californian whirlwinds, of the Austin type but one possessed of a strange temperament which allows him to "let up" in the middle of a match, forcing him to brace himself when in awkward positions. Thus he is an uncertain quantity as was shown when he took only one game from von Cramm at Queen's Club last week.

H. Henkel, Germany's leading player, who reached the semi-final last year, is quite the best Continental player on grass and he is likely to have more say in the ultimate result than most of the Europeans except Austin.

Miss Marble must fear most Miss H. H. Jacobs, six times a finalist and winner of the title once. Miss Jacobs collapsed in the final against Mrs. Moody last year but is a fighter every inch of the way. They are in the opposite halves. Miss K. Stammers, one of the two English seeded women, has shown her best form this year but, over two weeks' concentrated play, she is unlikely to stay the distance.

Too much must not be expected of Miss J. Nicoll, the sixteen-year-old junior champion, whose successes in open tournament play have made her quite famous already, for this is her first Wimbledon and the mental strain will be greater than she possibly imagines. However, she may go through two or three rounds which will be enough. Her life is before her.

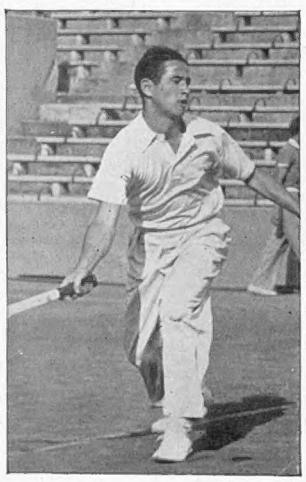


E. T. COOKE, U.S.A., who beat Boussus (France)

All the seeded players survived the first day's play. A cold wind blew at times. Austin, the English hope, had a hard struggle with the youthful Hungarian, Asboth. The latter produced some very pretty backhand work and took advantage of any momentary lapse of concentration on Austin's part, who, however, won the first two sets 6—1, 6—4. It was in the third set that the oscillations of fortune brought that air of tense interest and suspense which a well fought battle on the centre court can provide more effectively than many other forms of sport. The fact that Austin only won at 12—10 proclaims the nature of the struggle.

Another interesting event was the victory of E. T. Cooke (U.S.A.). The first set went to his opponent, Boussus, but Cooke gradually developed an all-round certainty which seemed to justify his inclusion in the list of seeded players. The struggle went to four sets, 1—6, 6—4, 6—0, 6—3.

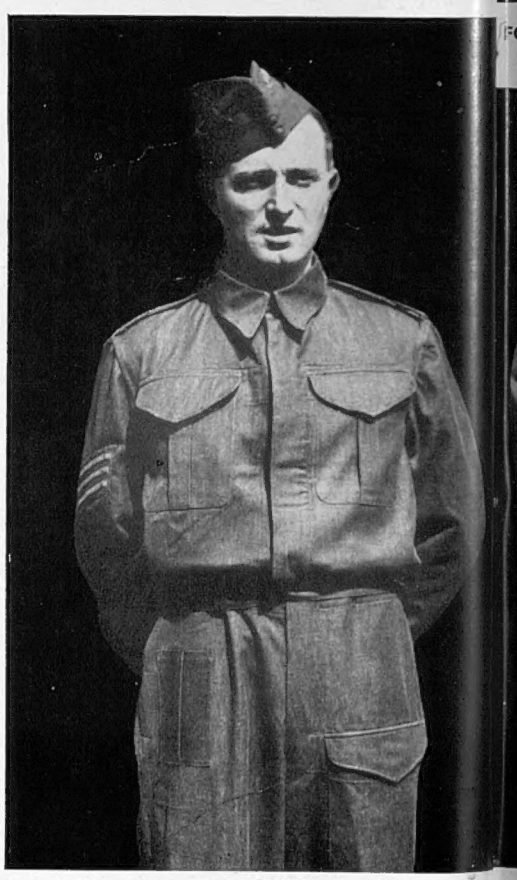
Von Metaxa, the Austro-German, went down before a French attack by Abdesselam, who showed great coolness on the court. Eric Filby, too, went down before a determined attack by young Tony Mottram.



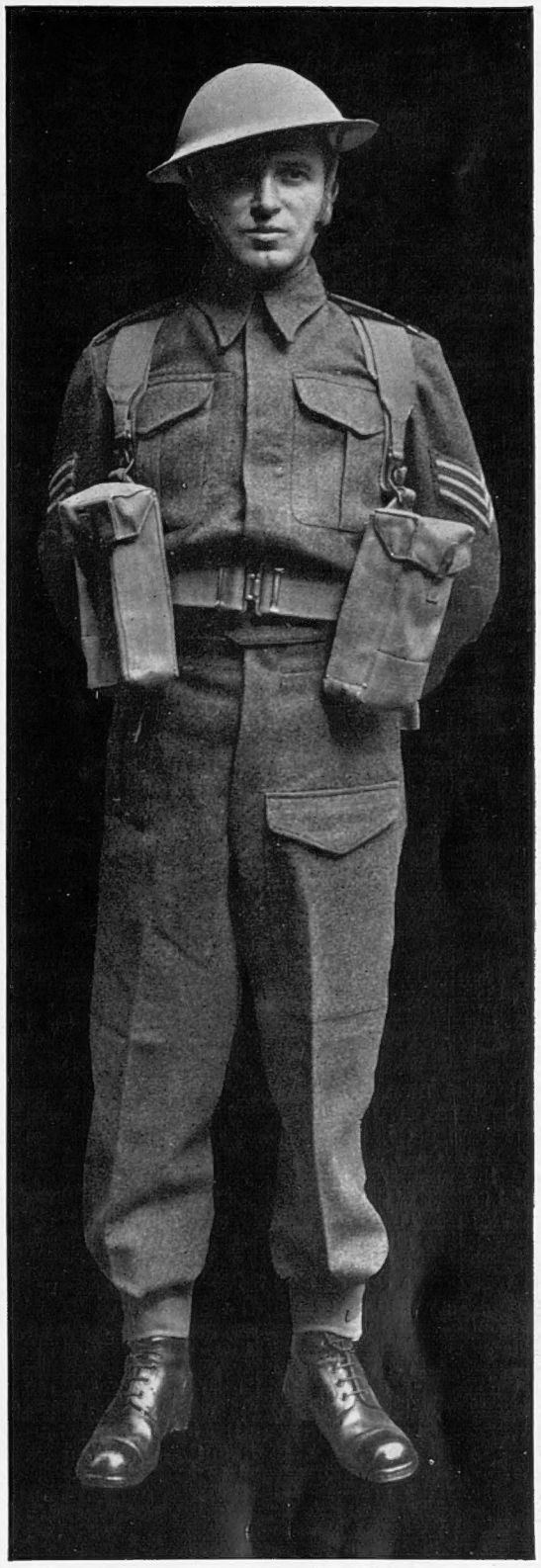
R. L. RIGGS, U.S.A., another brilliant variable

J. ASBOTH, HUNGARIAN, gave Austin a good run

NEW BATTLE



DRESS of the ARMY



FOUR STUDIES OF THE NEW ARMY "BATTLE" DRESS OF DRAB SERGE: To be worn by troops on active service at home and during training. *Below on left*—Two studies of the new overalls of washable material which can be worn over the serge uniform if necessary. *See* descriptive note below

BATTLE DRESS WITH NON-POLISHABLE BUTTONS:

The Same Pattern to be Used for Officers and other Ranks

THE new battle dress is being introduced for wear on active service and training by troops, other than personnel of horsed units, at home. It is similar in design to the denim outfits which were tried out last year, but it is made of the drab serge material used for the existing service dress garments. No change will be made at present in the dress for active service and training at stations abroad; the policy in their respects is now under consideration. The question of the active service dress to be worn by kilted regiments is still under consideration; meanwhile the existing service dress will continue to be worn by these units, both in active service and training.

The new outfit includes a blouse which buckles at the waist and trousers to button at the ankle, with which webbing anklets, six inches deep, may be worn to afford protection to the lower part of the leg. The buttons on the blouse are either fly-fitting or made of a vegetable composition and, consequently, do not require polishing.

Rank badges (including officers' rank badges), chevrons, skill-at-arms badges, good conduct badges and shoulder titles are in worsted embroidery and will be worn in the manner prescribed for service dress jackets. Collar badges will not be worn.

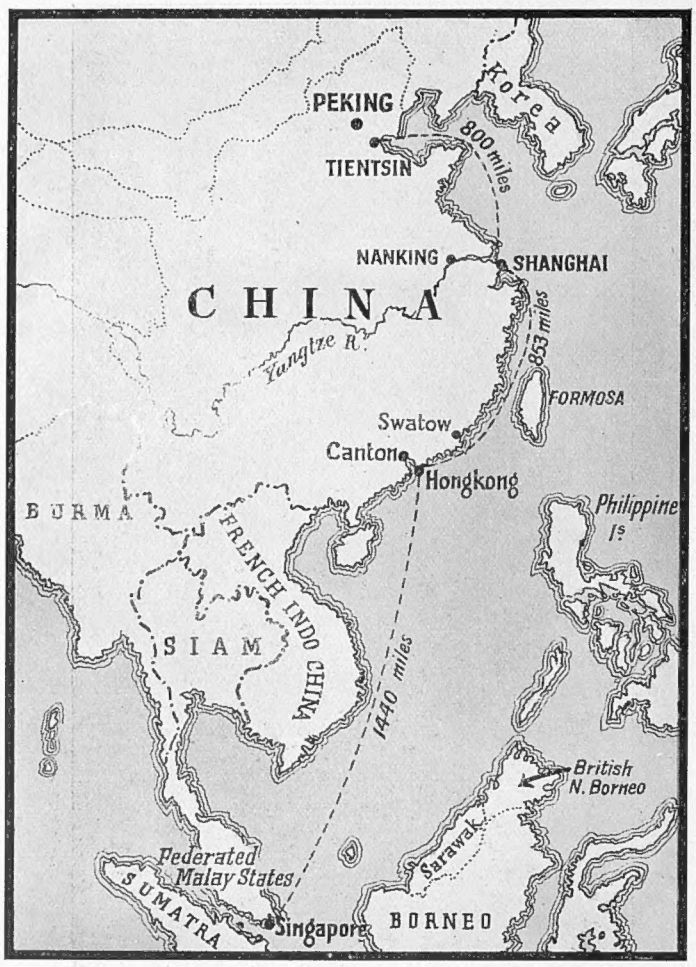
Overalls are of the same design as the battle dress but are made up in a washable material and are intended for wear over normal underclothing. They can, however, be worn over the serge outfit in cold weather.

The existing service dress will continue to be worn for ceremonial parades, walking-out, etc., except where full dress is already authorised.

As battle dress is primarily for wear on active service and training, special patterns for officers and warrant officers will not be introduced—they will wear the same pattern and material as other ranks. There will be no objection, however, to officers, who wish to do so, providing themselves with outfits made up in materials of the type at present used for officers' service dress garments, but such outfits must not deviate from the design of those issued to other ranks. The overalls worn by officers will also be of the same pattern as those issued to other ranks.

A new pattern greatcoat, somewhat similar in design to that at present worn by officers, has been adopted for other ranks. In addition to providing increased length, it is double breasted and has an open collar. Issues will not commence, however, until stocks of the present pattern greatcoat have been used up.

The production of non-polishable buttons has been the subject of prolonged research, but it has not been possible to find a metal which is as serviceable as gilding metal and at the same time cannot be polished. For greatcoats, caps and service dress garments there is, therefore, no alternative but to retain gilding metal



THE STRATEGIC AREA OF THE CHINA SEAS: This sketch map indicates the distances of the areas separating Tientsin, Shanghai, Hongkong and Singapore. The strategic position of the British Far Eastern naval base is dealt with in the article on this page

THE FALL of SWATOW

The Passing of an Old Way of Life

By JEAN GORDON

ALTHOUGH Swatow, the last and latest important Chinese seaport to fall to the Japanese, has no British or foreign concession, it has for years played a vital part in the lives of countless Europeans and Americans in China. And there are many heartburnings at the final passing of the old Swatow.

As one of the Treaty Ports, only 180 miles east of Hongkong, it has always been an easy and attractive port of call, famous for its incomparable drawn-thread work (in many cases carried on by British capital and organisation), its cheap and fascinating pewter, and its delicious oranges.

Hongkong residents travelling north to Shanghai on business, or naval wives on their way to Wei-hai-wei for the summer exodus, could always be sure of a welcome at Swatow. This would come from the Consulate, or the representatives of the big firms who have their offices there, or even from the British or American destroyer which happened to be paying its periodic visit, lying at anchor in the middle of the stream.

Only a year ago several British wives on their way north, finding themselves in Swatow on the day of the King's birthday celebrations, were unexpectedly and delightfully regaled with champagne in the cool and shady gardens of the British Consulate. What a different reception they would get now!

Swatow is very like a Yangtse river port, standing as it does on both banks of the mouth of the broad river Han, a mile of yellow water with a roaring tide separating the district of Swatow proper from the more residential quarter of Katchio.

In Swatow itself, on the north bank, are to be found some of the Consulates—the American, for instance, as always alongside the offices of the Standard Oil Company, and the Japanese, empty now for many months.

The local headquarters of the Chinese Maritime Customs and the Customs Club, with its billiard rooms, bar, pleasant verandas and weekly cinema show thrown open to other residents, are also on this side; and the one hotel, where visitors had to stay unless they were lucky enough to be invited by a resident.

Most of the important European and American residents in Swatow lived on the south bank, called Katchio. Here there are no shops or even streets—just a handful of scattered houses including the British Consulate; the bachelor messes of big concerns such as Imperial Chemical Industries, the British shipping firms of Jardine's and Butterfield and Swire, and various drawn-thread works; and the homes of the managers of those concerns and their families, and several missionaries.

There has been no Municipal Council as in Kulangsu. The district was policed, and efficiently so, by Chinese. There was a tiny social club where tennis, bridge, etc., were always in full swing and where the wives of the local residents took it in turns to "do" tea, and were always most generous in their hospitality to visitors.

All this was a year ago. For months past British and American destroyers have had to stand helplessly by and witness, so near that those on board could see with their naked eye, the destruction of thousands of Chinese and their homes by Japanese bombs.

One of the saddest sights has been the inevitable aftermath of these raids, when pathetic figures, dazed with shock and misery, have been seen hunting among the smoking ruins for anything that might be left of their belongings which, poor as they are, mean everything to their owners. After such a ghastly preparation it is no wonder that, when the Japanese took Swatow last week, there were few Chinese left in the port, and not so surprising that the Chinese forces felt it scarcely necessary to waste many lives in defending what is left of Swatow.

The bulk of the Chinese civilian population was evacuated last month in readiness for what has, after all, been a long-expected event. And the 30,000 "defending" troops retreated six hours before the arrival of the Japanese forces, which were brought from Formosa in thirty transports. The Japanese entered the city after a severe preliminary naval and aerial bombardment, and although the retreating Chinese armies did not, as expected, fire what remained of Swatow, they did dynamite the dykes of the Han river so that the whole of the low-lying countryside is now threatened with inundation.

No doubt the Chinese regarded as inevitable this closing of Chiang Kai-shek's last coastal port for supplies for his armies and the resulting blockage of the railway and new highway connection with the hinterland. It is equally certain that the Generalissimo has already made other plans. Hongkong and Macao (the neighbouring Portuguese colony) are likely to have been temporarily inconvenienced, as they have been getting considerable supplies of fresh fruit and vegetables from Swatow.

SEARCHING A SUSPECT AT SHANGHAI: When the municipal police of the Shanghai International Settlement have desired to search a suspect, they have pursued the customary methods as shown above. It is quite easy to detect the presence of arms by this method

Since the closing down of Amoy and Canton, Swatow has been an increasingly important port of call, doing an enormous import and export business — 38 per cent. of China's total imports. Curiously enough one of the biggest imports was that of rice from Burma which the Chinese seem to prefer to their own.

Seventy British women and children have been evacuated to Hongkong, but there are still some 300 Britons, Americans and other nationalities left, with a British steamer standing by in the harbour in case of need and two British and two American destroyers on guard in the river. But with trade at a standstill there may soon be little point in these Westerners remaining. With their departure will pass one more China outpost as we knew it, and with it a way of life that will be remembered and regretted by many "old China hands."

THE STRATEGIC POSITION IN THE FAR EAST

By R. T. BARRETT

DESPITE the relative weakness of British naval and military forces in the Far East the British Empire is fully in a position to enforce Japanese respect for our property and rights in China. So far drastic steps have not been taken because it has always been hoped that Japan would end her senseless attempt to conquer China and a permanent breach between this country and an old and valued friend might be avoided.

Our military forces in the Chinese area are stationed at Tientsin and Shanghai as follows: Tientsin, one battalion (actually a half at the moment); Shanghai, three battalions (with volunteers, about 3,500 men).

Even if the French (2,000 men) and United States (2,700 men) garrisons were thrown into the scale there could be no serious defence of an open town against the full blast of Japan's naval, military and aerial strength.

Along the China coast, from Tientsin to Pakhoi, in the far south, up the Yangtse and West rivers are British ships and British buildings housing our officials and traders. British concessions and special areas are models of good order, and apart from occasional "incidents" trade goes on in normal times between British and Chinese people with the brisk, hard-bargaining cheerfulness characteristic of the two races.

Hongkong is a natural fortress, but a big place for its garrison of 6,000 British and Indian troops to defend. It consists of a rocky island, eleven miles long and about three broad, and a peninsula of mainland about the size of Middlesex. This peninsula (the New Territories) has a hilly frontier twenty miles in length, carefully fortified under the eye of General Sir Edmund Ironside. But on either side there are favourable landing places such as Tolo Harbour and Castle Peak Bay. Moreover, the Canton-Kowloon Railway runs from Canton through British territory to the harbour at Kowloon, and the fifty miles of it in Chinese territory are held by the Japanese Army.

Preparations for a siege have been in hand for three years, and the population, British and Chinese, are in the mood to make the place another Alcazar (having had experience of the more hateful aspects of Japanese methods).

Japanese army officers, who have little knowledge of anything beyond what they can see, do not seem fully aware of the token nature of British naval and military forces in China, and the idea is honestly held in Japan that they could also take Singapore and then occupy the Netherlands East Indies, Siam, French Indo-China and the Malay Peninsula, which is, of course, fantastic.

Singapore Island, twelve miles broad and twenty miles long, is well defended on all sides, and the heavy guns of Seleter, the new naval base, command the sea for many miles around. If the rest of the island fell, miles of impenetrable mangrove swamp protect Seleter both on the island side and on the mainland opposite. The garrison consists of some 8,000 troops with 4,000 armed police and local and native volunteers. It has rail communications with Penang, and aerial reinforcements would pour into the huge airport from India. Japan is 2,500 miles away and Tako, in Formosa, 1,600 miles.

The British China Fleet consists of 4 cruisers, 10 destroyers and 15 submarines. Japan has 12 cruisers of equal speed and armament to ours, 22 modern second-class cruisers, about 90 new destroyers and 60 submarines. Behind these lighter craft is the backing of 10 dreadnoughts equal to any of our ships except the *Nelson* and *Rodney*.

On the other hand we could also concentrate at Singapore the 4 modern cruisers of the East India squadron and the 4 cruisers of the Australian Navy. This would be sufficient naval force to deter Japan from the dispatch of overseas expeditions to the southward. Nor would our 15 submarines be idle.

The greatest factor calling for caution on Japan's part is that she is waging, none too successfully, a major war with China, and it would be unwise on her part to produce a situation in which British aid became available to China. Troops are not needed, but there are hundreds of British officers, trained in the Lawrence tradition, who would be ready to assist Chinese guerrillas in their ceaseless activities against Japan's over-extended lines of communications. Supplies of high explosive alone might put Japanese-occupied railways out of action and profoundly alter the military situation.

With the British, French and American markets closed, both for imports and exports; with her shipping menaced by British sea power, Japan would have the gravest difficulty in maintaining either her industries or her armies in the field. This long-range blockade would be a bad exchange for the occupation of trading posts, like Tientsin and Shanghai, where at the moment hardly any business is being done.

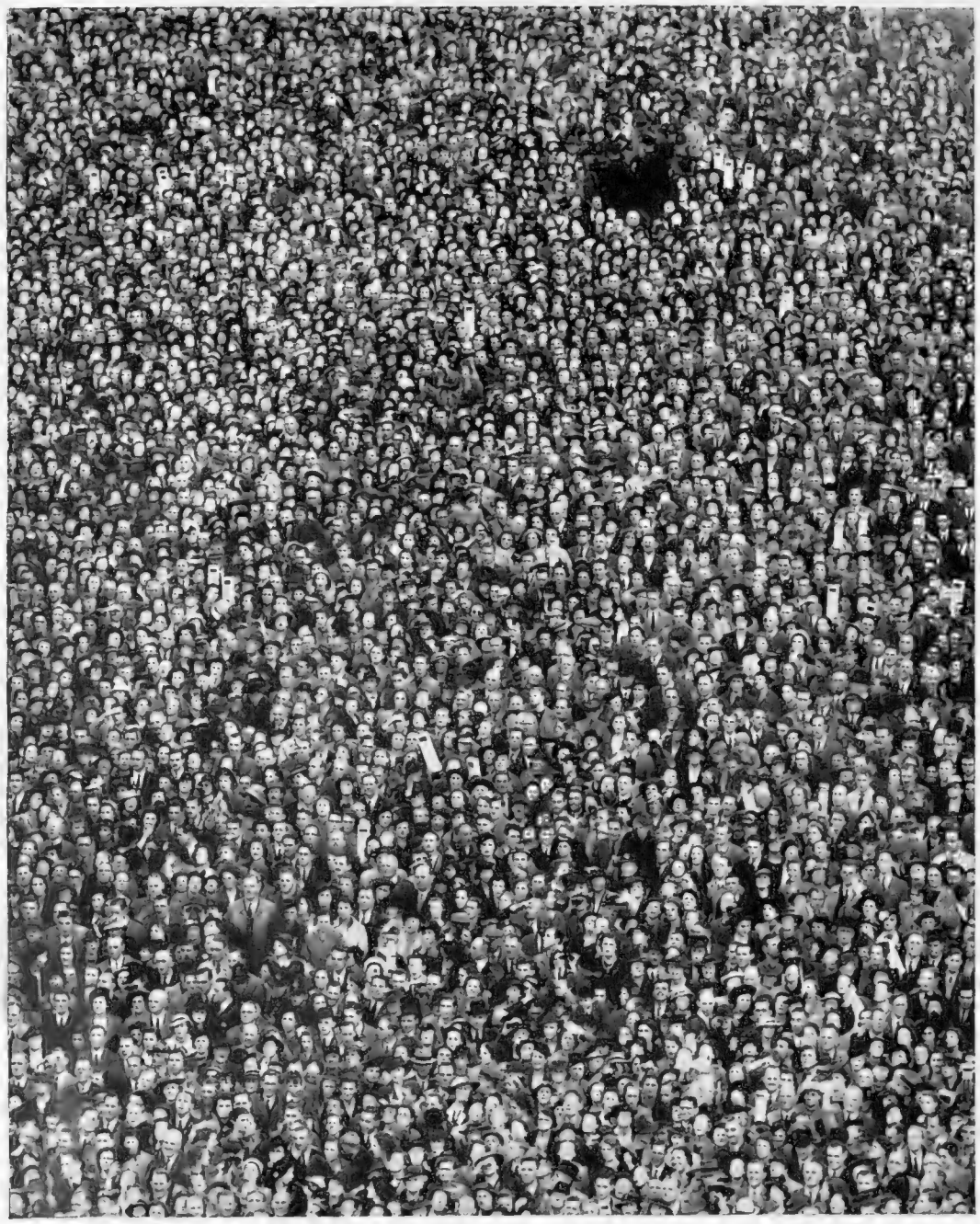
BRITAIN WELCOMES THE ROYAL TRAVELLERS

THE START OF AN UNFORGETTABLE HOME-COMING: As the *Empress of Britain* drew towards her berth at Southampton, her gleaming white hull towering above the quay, this was the scene that met the gaze of an immense concourse of people who had assembled to welcome the King and Queen home from their tour. It was a tremendous and inspiring moment when the first cheers of welcome rang out across the harbour. Beside Their Majesties on the bridge stood the Princesses who earlier in the day had sailed out in the destroyer *Kempenfelt* and had been transferred to the *Empress of Britain* in the Solent

TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A FULL-THROATED ROAR OF WELCOME, the King and Queen, followed by Princess Margaret, disembarked from the *Empress of Britain* at Southampton, there to be the centre of scenes of popular enthusiasm which later in the day were repeated with added fervour in London. From the docks Their Majesties passed into the gaily beflagged town where their progress was a veritable triumph — no other word could describe it

LONDON'S MIGHTY WELCOME

Vast Crowds Throng the Approaches to Buckingham Palace to Cheer the King and Queen on Their Return Home: The Palace Becomes the Focal Point of the Nation's Loyalty



THE SEA OF UPTURNED FACES: A glimpse of just one section of the vast crowd which gathered outside Buckingham Palace to acclaim the King and Queen on their return from Canada, and which welcomed them again when they appeared on the balcony. Note the array of periscopes on view

THE GREAT STAMPEDE: This picture was taken just after t King and Queen had driven into the Palace yard and as t crowd rushed forward to occupy the previously cleare roadway round the Victo Memorial. Thousands of peop can be seen stretching alo the Mall in the distan

On left—**IN TRAFALGAR SQUA** another mighty crowd ga ered, many thousands of offi workers, who had just finish for the day, thronging t approach to Admiralty Ar

On right—**THE FIRST APPEA ANCE ON THE BALCONY** response to the cheers of crowd beyond computation its immensity. The King a Queen and the Princes showed themselves to acclaiming people twe minutes after their return. T crowd continued to ch without respite and 2½ ho later it was again reward when Their Majesties, now evening dress, made th second appearance. The thusiasm was, if anythi greater, and many peo remained in front of Victoria Memorial until a eleven o'clock, finally retu ing home when they saw t lights in the Royal apartme go out one by one. It undoubtedly one of the m wonderfully intimate Roy occasions of the present re

YORK ROAD'S ROUSING WELCOME: "A slim young man in uniform, a smiling figure in powder blue beside him, and, on the front seat, two little girls in pink—just an English family, but it was enough to stir every heart with pride and gratitude and happiness, and bring tears to many an eye." With these words an eye-witness described the scene as the Royal landau left Waterloo Station and started down York Road on its all too short journey to Buckingham Palace. *On right*—FOUR HANDS IN UNISON: The King and Queen and the Princesses waving from the Palace

INTIMACIES *of the* ROYAL HOMECOMING: Thursday, June 22

THE START OF A THRILLING DAY: The Princesses being introduced to an officer as they went aboard the destroyer *Kembenfelt* at Portsmouth before being taken out to join their mother and father as they sailed up the Solent in the *Empress of Britain*. The Princesses had lunch with their parents and toured the liner before landing

A SURPRISE PRESENT FOR THE PRINCESSES: T.R.H. are watched by their mother and father as they receive the giant panda dolls which had been subscribed for by every officer and man aboard the *Empress of Britain*. The two youngest bell boys serving in the liner made the presentation

EUROPE ON THE ALERT : PARIS HAS AN A.R.P.-CUM-A.A. DEMONSTRATION —DUTCH INGENUITY—NAVY WEEK AT LE HAVRE

PARIS IS PREPARED: An anti-aircraft post situated amongst a system of A.R.P. trenches, where a demonstration was inaugurated by Premier Daladier in order to show Parisians what measures are being taken for their protection in the event of war. In the foreground is what is known as a Poste Optique, where a predictor is stationed for determining the angle and bearing of approaching planes. In the centre is a height-finder, which works in conjunction with the predictor, while in the distance is a sound indicator, an ingenious instrument that records, by means of sensitive horns, the direction of a plane's approach

BELTING A TREE WITH DYNAMITE: This scheme has been adopted by the Dutch Army and it is considered that it might prove most efficacious in time of war as it would be possible to fell thousands of trees in this manner in the path of an advancing, mechanised army, thus inevitably slowing up its progress

NAVY WEEK AT LE HAVRE was overshadowed this year through the tragic loss of a French submarine in the Indo-Chinese seas, but, even so, there was a large attendance and the children had the time of their lives as they inspected the guns and gadgets of the *Dunkerque* (above), France's most modern battleship

THE THREAT TO BRITAIN'S TIENTSIN CONCESSION: Japan's High-handed Action in China

GUARDING BRITISH INTERESTS IN TIENTSIN: The *Lowestoft*, an escort vessel of 990 tons with a main armament of two 4·7-in. guns, was due to leave the city when the Japanese blockade of the British Concession began on June 14. As a result her departure was delayed and within a week she was joined by the *Sandwich*, 1,045 tons, a warship of the same type. After the first week of the blockade, 120 British women and children were embarked in a British river boat and taken to distant resorts

TIENTSIN IN 1937: Chinese refugees rowing themselves across the river from their own quarter of the city, which had been invaded by the Japanese, to seek sanctuary in the British Concession

ARMS FOR THE NORTHERN THEATRE OF WAR: Guns and ammunition being unloaded from Japanese lorries at Tientsin East Station for transference to freight trains. *Below*—The memorial to German soldiers who fell in the Boxer rebellion. It is in the main square of Tientsin's former German Concession

GUARDING AN EXIT OF THE FRENCH CONCESSION: French troop letting through a car containing Japanese officials. Although th French Concession was included in the blockade a Japanes spokesman stated that this had only been done as it woul otherwise have been impossible to blockade the British territor

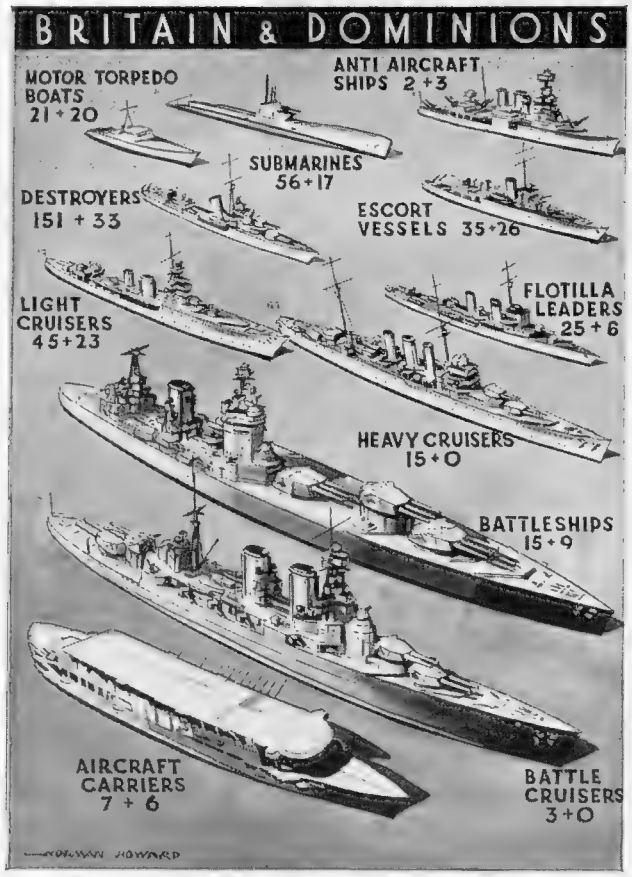
THE LIE OF THE LAND IN TIENTSIN: A diagrammatic drawing specially made for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson in order to show the position of the beleaguered British Concession in relation to the other concessions and to the rest of the city. Almost since the beginning of the present Sino-Japanese war the Chinese part of the city has been in the hands of the Japanese. From the moment the Japanese began the blockade on June 14 it was quite evident that they were using a local incident as a pretext for bringing pressure to bear on Britain with regard to the whole question of foreign settlements. It will be seen from the diagram that the French Concession (covering 250 acres) is immediately next to the British Concession (covering 950 acres), and it is for this reason that it was included in the blockade. Live wires were placed round both concessions by the Japanese, and were charged with a current of 220 volts. In the first week the wires inflicted one casualty, a dog being the victim

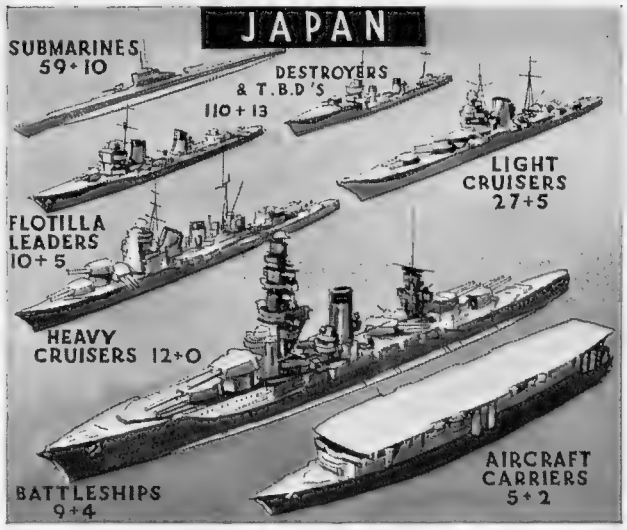
THE JAPANESE MOVE AGAINST SWATOW: A general view of this treaty port of south-east China where the invaders landed without opposition on June 21. There is at Swatow no settlement or concession under foreign administration and enjoying extra territorial status, as at Shanghai and Tientsin, but as it is one of the treaty ports—having been opened for trade in 1860, in accordance with the treaty of Tientsin of 1858 between China and Britain—foreigners are allowed to trade there

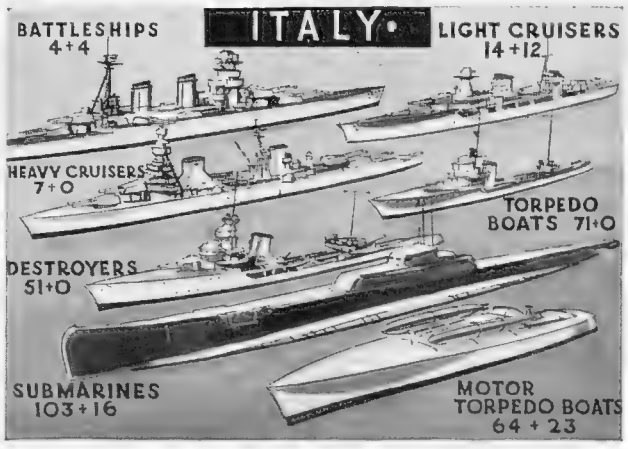
THE "AXIS" NAVIES

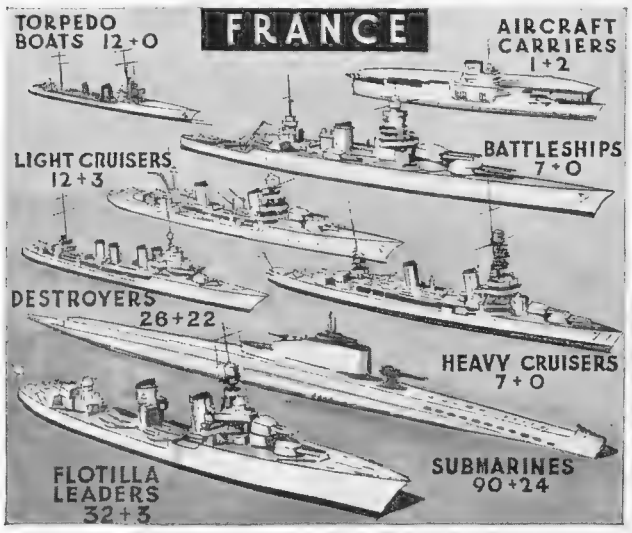
Compared with those of the

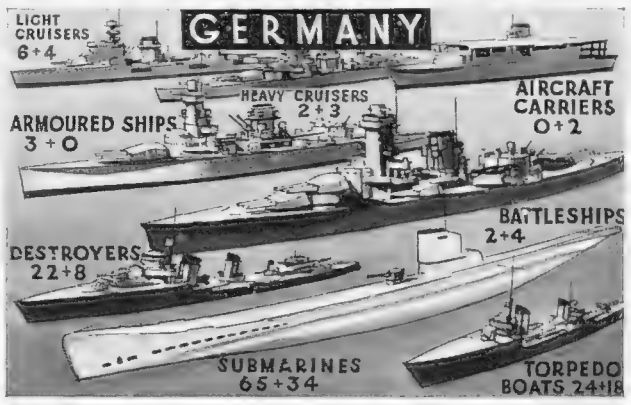
DEMOCRATIC POWERS

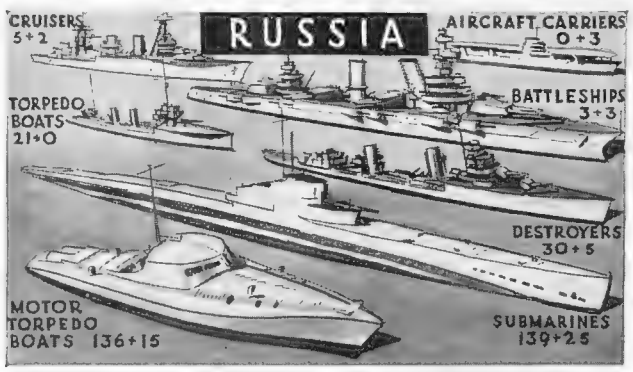










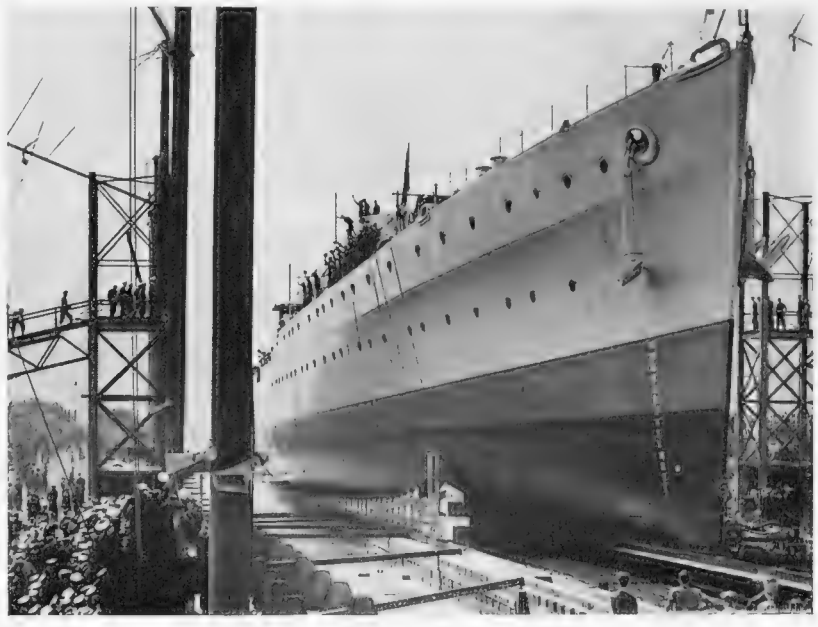


This diagrammatic drawing has been specially made for "The Sphere" in order to show the relative strengths of the "axis" navies and of those of the democratic powers. The areas taken up by the panels are in proportion. Existing ships are given in the first figures, those building or projected in the second figures; thus by the figures 15 + 9 Britain is shown as having fifteen battleships in commission and nine building or authorised. The British Navy has all-round strength, laying perhaps least emphasis on submarines, whilst both Italy and Russia have concentrated on large numbers of motor torpedo boats. France favours destroyers. Germany is now carrying out a rapid expansion of submarine strength

THE LAST OF HER CLASS to take the water is H.M.S. *Kimberley*, a new destroyer which has recently been launched at Thornycroft's yard at Woolston, Southampton

WITHOUT CEREMONY workmen lay the first keel plates of Britain's £10,000,000 battleship *Temeraire* at Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard. When completed she will be the largest vessel of any kind ever constructed on the Mersey. During building direct employment will be given to at least 2,000 men

TWO OF A KIND: *Below, left*—The new cruiser *Fiji* entering the water at Clydebank. *Below, right*—The new cruiser *Euryalus* about to leave the slipway at Chatham. Cruisers are now being launched at the rate of one every week



JAPAN IN WAR-TIME

How She is Facing the Exigencies of a Stern Fight

NOTHING INTERFERES WITH NIPPON'S RELIGIOUS LIFE and, if anything, there is a quickening of interest at this time when Japan is facing a sterner struggle on the Asian continent than she expected when she first embarked on that more than dubious adventure. In this picture a decorated litter is seen being borne through the streets of modern Kyoto on the occasion of the Festival of the Gion Shrine which dates from 876 A.D. and was originally intended to appease the patron deities. It is perhaps the most representative of all the Japanese festivals

On left — **FOR JAPAN'S WAR-MINDED YOUTH:** A vendor displaying toy tanks in the Kyobashi district of Tokyo. He also includes toy bombs among his wares

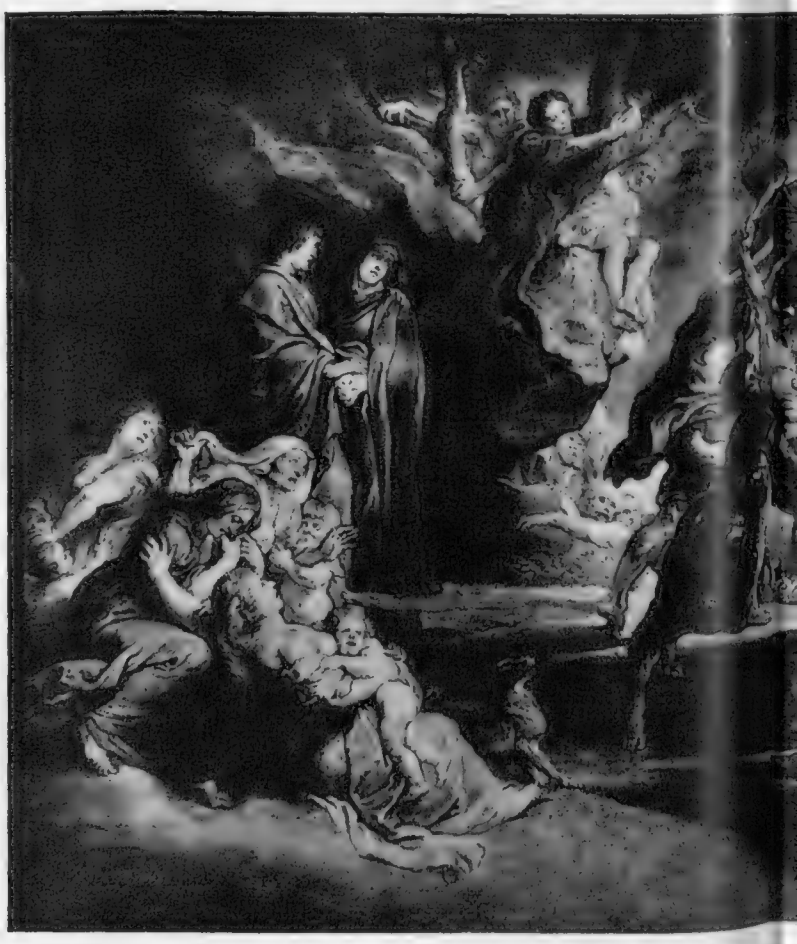
On right—**MARCHING DOWN THE GINZA:** Japanese sailors parading in Tokyo's great shopping thoroughfare during the course of the Navy Day celebrations. The Japanese forces are at present being hard put to it to maintain the initiative in the Chinese campaign, and, as a result, a new conscription law has had to be introduced. It is expected that it will eventually provide a total fully-trained reserve strength of 6,000,000 for the land and sea forces

CANADA'S ART W

"JOSEPH BRANT, CHIEF OF THE SIX NATION INDIANS": This fine portrait by Romney was painted during Brant's visit to England in 1776. It hangs in the National Gallery of Canada at Ottawa—a remarkable collection including works by such masters as El Greco, Van Dyck, and Hogarth

Above—**"FAMILY GROUP":** Also adorning the National Gallery of Canada at Ottawa is this canvas by Hyacinthe Rigaud, diligent French disciple of Van Dyck and fashionable painter of the upper classes

LIGHT AND SHADOW IN OLD VENICE: Canaletto's picture of "The Arsenal" is typical of his best work and a very worthy adornment to the National Gallery of Canada. The Gallery is so adequately equipped that it provides the art student with a very fair cross-section of European art. Canaletto is possibly the greatest of all masters of detail



Above—**TORONTO'S PRIDE:** "The Elevation of the Cross," by Rubens; a purchase that was made for the city's Art Gallery in 1928 and has enriched a collection that has steadily grown in value since it was begun in 1912. Canaletto, Constable, Gainsborough and Sargent are among those represented

WEALTH: Masterpieces in the Art Galleries at Ottawa and Toronto

On right—**VITALITY IN FRENCH CANADIAN WOOD-CARVING:** This figure of the Virgin and Child is believed to be the work of Paul Labross and dates from about the year 1750. It was presented to Toronto Art Gallery in 1935

On right—**"REST ON THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT":** Toronto also possesses this fine painting by Bernard van Orley (1493?–1542?), member of the important artistic family which long flourished in Brussels. He studied under Raphael, becoming a great favourite with his master. The brilliancy of his pictures is due to their being painted on a gold ground

THE ART OF DORIS ZINKEISEN

FEMININE STUDY

"ORIEL ROSS"

Doris Zinkeisen, whose work as a designer of scenery for plays and films has won her such a reputation in the field of commercial art, reveals herself as a fine portraitist in her first "one-man show" which she is now holding at the Leicester Galleries. A few of the pictures are reproduced here, and it will be seen that she tackles questions of lighting with rare boldness

"DARK SAINT"

"CHANSON"

"CONVERSATION PIECE"

"THEATRICAL FITTING"

PAHDON ME, SUH!

Some Thoughts on the Dialect Question in Polyglot America, Particularly Relating to the Drawl So Characteristic of the Deep South

By NELSON SPRINGER

THE matter of language in the United States is one of the most involved, one of the most interesting, and one of the least studied subjects in the country.

Percy Mackaye did a remarkable job, years ago, on the dialect of the Kentucky mountaineers. But he touched only a fraction of the problem. There are hundreds of thousands of people in the United States, all of whom speak "English," who cannot really understand one another. There are many more who do not even pretend to speak English. I am thinking of Louisiana, where dialects, such as the Cajun, abound, dark mixtures of French, Spanish, and African. I use the term "African" because the African influence is there, transformed by an American experience, but nevertheless strong, and still without any more definite or specific African antecedent.

You may turn anywhere else in the United States that you wish. I can show you people who speak a strange, and unintelligible, lingo. A friend of mine in New York City once contemplated starting an advertising agency. A leading New York paper sent a man to inquire into his possible ethics. My friend could not understand a word that the investigator said.

I happened to be present: I have worked in several, though not many, countries. I questioned him in several languages. Finally, he assured me that he was an American citizen, and was speaking English. I still didn't believe him, but I finally succeeded in understanding what he was trying to say. And he did believe that he was speaking English.

All of which is occasioned by a rather startling (to an American) recent inquiry from England:

"Is there such a thing as a southern accent in the United States?"

It is one of our most priceless, one of our most famous, and one of our most annoying gifts. There are many southerners who think that because they cannot speak standard English they are superior. They act as if a deficiency in phonetics were an asset; and in many cases it is.

There are still more northerners who go south, and who become "professional southerners," and who behave as if the inability to pronounce the letter "r" were a virtue.

At the same time the southern dialect, as we commonly conceive it in the United States, has given us a large section of our most important literature. Most of it, of course, has been written by negroes. The white southerner who has learned to talk in the southern dialect has simply learned to talk the way an uneducated negro speaks English.

The white southerner will tell you quite differently. He will tell you that he, and his ancestors, including George Washington, talked that way. But neither his ancestors nor George Washington talked that way. As has always happened in any country that was foolish enough to use slaves, the slaves taught the masters how to talk, just as they taught them how to live.

The southern dialect, as we have understood it, quickly subsided into a pleasant slur. It was dragged up out of the slave cabins into the manor house and given a kind of elegance that was enveloped in chiffon and damask and tulle. It has been used in the north by countless southern women for the sole purpose of making an impression. It has been used by many more northern women who went south to make an impression. And it has been used by countless utterly genuine southern women, because, Heaven help them, it was the only language that they knew.

It is a crinoline talk. It is a pantalettes talk. It is, save the mark, baby-talk. And I want to add that it is hollyhocks beside a long walk. It is petunias and verbenas. I wish you could all read *Miranda's Wedding, Virginia, 1866*, by Elinor Wylie. That glorious soul, our greatest poet, a New Englander, caught the south. She told the story. She wrote of Cambridge Captain Emory:

"She used him like a papal legate;
But, oh, her eyes, her eyes were agate."

It is so very polite, and so impossible to escape. It is, "pahdon me, suh." And it goes on for hours and hours to no end, except, perhaps, to exploit the glory of the speaker.

I remember once in my alma mater, the University of Chicago, when southerners used to flock there, that we had to attend a Southern Club banquet.

The chap sitting next to me was very poor. He was wearing his only good suit of clothes. The lady next to him, who probably did it deliberately, to see what he would do, upset a plate of hot soup over him.

"Naow don't you worrhy, lady," he said, suavely. "Thaht's quaite all right. Thaht's quaite all right. Ah assuahe yuh, they'se no damage done." (Spelling eq.)

And I knew that this poor chap was wondering where under the shining heavens he would find something to wear the next day.

That dialect is a symbol. It is a symbol of a kind of distorted elegance. It goes deep, and it cuts deep, because it is a magnificent intention that has missed its mark.

I suspect that the dialect will live. It is all jasmine and crepe, myrtle and honeysuckle. It is moonlight on the magnolias. It is lovely. If it bears with it a kind of futility, it still has its own particular validity.

AN EXHIBITION at the KING'S FORMER HOME

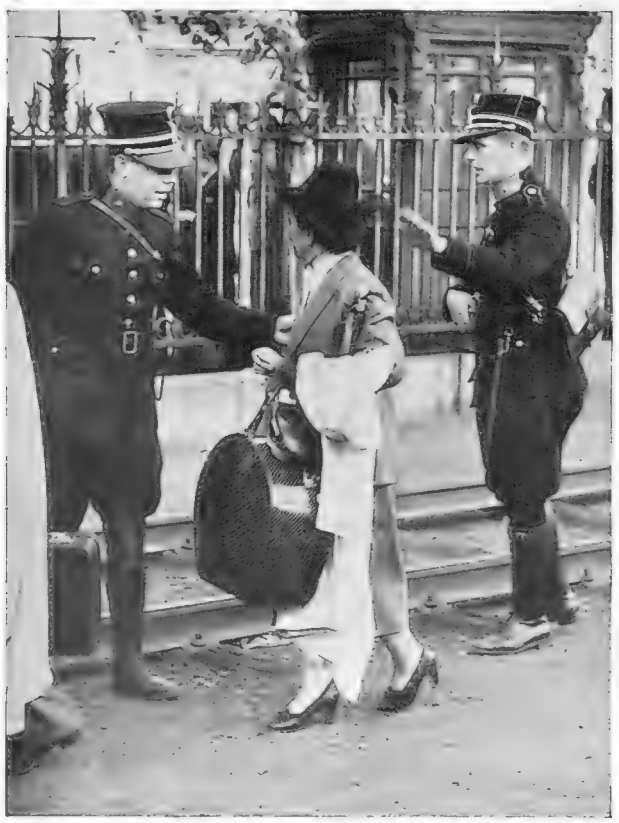
PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S COT and many of her own and her sister's babyhood playthings are now being displayed at 145, Piccadilly, the home where the King and Queen lived while they were Duke and Duchess of York and where an exhibition is now being held of Royal and historic treasures, the proceeds being devoted to the Heritage Craft Schools for Crippled Children. Many members of the Royal Family and hosts of British collectors have sent exhibits

RELICS OF MANY REIGNS are to be seen at the exhibition at 145, Piccadilly, among them being the Prince Consort's shaving mirror, which is seen on the table in the left-hand picture, and a throne canopy (*right*) used by Queen Elizabeth. Wellington's bed, the saw used to amputate Nelson's arm, and Emily Brontë's knitting are all on exhibition

A NURSERY CLOCK AND A MUSICAL BIRDCAGE belonging to Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, and now on exhibition at No. 145

A STUART PAGE IN ARMOUR and *(on left)* two silver cradles belonging to the Princesses and a doll's dressing table which was at one time in the possession of H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck

ENGLAND TAKES HER SHARE: German-Jewish refugees arriving at Waterloo after leaving the Hamburg-Amerika liner *St. Louis* which took them on a fruitless journey to Cuba, in an attempt to find them homes, and has now brought them back to Europe. If Holland and Britain had not decided to help they would probably have been sent to German concentration camps



PASS ALONG, PLEASE! Police hurry on a German-Jewish refugee who tried to talk to friends through the railings on arrival at Antwerp in the Hamburg-Amerika liner *St. Louis*. Thereafter the refugees were entrained for various destinations in Holland, where they are being given temporary sanctuary

NON-ARYANS FROM DANZIG: Children seen on arrival in London after being brought to safety from Europe's latest danger point. Danzig's Germans are as anti-Semitic as those in the Reich

CZECHS ON HER HANDS

Sir Walter Layton's Daughter Describes the Difficulties of Dealing with the Tremendous Influx of Refugees in an Interview

With NOEL THOMPSON

IN QUIET, VICTORIAN MECKLENBURGH SQUARE men and women, each with a case to be heard, forgather every morning outside the headquarters of the British Committee for Refugees from Czechoslovakia. A picture specially taken for "The Sphere" and indicating the plight of these folk who are faced with the task of beginning life entirely anew

IN London these days one gets the impression that it is impossible to move 100 yards in any direction without meeting a refugee from some part of Europe. In fact, there are people going about with a rather superior air stating that in their opinion England is becoming one vast refugee camp. But when one gets down to figures it is rather surprising how comparatively small the numbers really are. A recent Government figure I obtained was that since March, 1938, 6,567 Germans had been admitted, of whom 2,950 were women, and 3,730 Austrians, of whom 1,688 were women.

But the figures in themselves are misleading, for many of these are in England for temporary refuge before emigrating to America or the Empire. To these must be added a probably similar number of Czechs and Sudeten Germans, together with a smattering of Hungarians and Poles. Surprisingly enough, permission granted to some 10,000 Germans and Austrians had not been taken advantage of.

I cannot in this article deal with those who have managed to bring their families, money, and possessions away with them. There are a few, a very few, in this fortunate class who, by showing that they have adequate support, are being allowed to settle here. My interest is in the unfortunate majority who have lost almost everything.

But first I want to write of the happy conclusion to one tragic episode: the departure for home again of the Spanish children who were exiled here by the civil war in their own country. Practically the whole of the 6,000 have now left England for Spain, healthy, happy and with an excellent knowledge of English.

One particular group of these, who were cared for by the Independent Labour Party at Street, in Somerset, seem destined for a theatrical career. They formed a concert party, toured the country, and raised more than £200 towards the expenses of their keep, which for young children is a good effort.

Some of these Spanish children were orphans—or no trace could be found of their parents. Practically every one of these, numbering between 300 and 400, has been adopted by working or middle class families and are now living happily in England with their foster parents. Already memories of their old homes are growing dim. A ghastly episode is closing for them.

Turn for contrast to those who are in the middle of a ghastly nightmare, the harassed Czechs. Walk any day down Guilford Street, the Bloomsbury highway from Grays Inn Road to Russell Square. Turn off into the quiet of Victorian Mecklenburgh Square, with its shady gardens in the centre. There is a peaceful character, almost a Sabbatical calm, about the houses. Outside one house at any time of the day you will see a group of between twenty and thirty men and women gathered round the steps, or knocking impatiently at the door hoping that the scrawled notice "Geschlossen" is not true. Unfortunately it is, but only because there is no more room inside the headquarters of the British Committee for Refugees from Czechoslovakia.

I manage to squeeze in because I have an appointment with Miss Layton, daughter of Sir Walter Layton, who is the secretary. She is so busy that I have not the heart to interrupt her, but persuade her to take half an hour off for lunch, the first time she has done this for months.

In the hall, the men, with their familiar continental leather brief cases under their arms, are filling up forms; age, work, family, means (usually none); asking for news of their family in their own country. Will they be allowed out? Can the Committee arrange it? The women, with large handbags, carrying probably all their belongings, try to catch officials' eyes to urge their cases. It is a sad, almost a horrible sight.

At last Miss Layton, fair-haired, freckled, efficient, deals with the last insistent telephone call, slips on a cloak, and is ready to answer my questions as we find the most restful place for lunch.

The Czech Committee receives nothing from the Lord Baldwin Refugee Fund. It is supported by the Lord Mayor's Fund, the News Chronicle Fund, the International Solidarity Fund and by private subscriptions. And there is a *promise* of a small grant from the Government £4,000,000 grant to Czechoslovakia. That has not yet materialised.

The private subscriptions are falling off, just when they are most needed, and when any moment there may be a new rush of emigrants. Even now Miss Layton has 5,000 Czechs on her capable hands.

"Some of our people have only the clothes they stand up in, and they have been wearing those for months," she tells me. "Some are Austrians who fled first into Czechoslovakia and then in March had to make their way into Poland. Since April we have brought over 1,200 refugees across from Poland, where they had been living in the most awful conditions and poverty."

The first thing is to find them somewhere to live, and when possible to allow them a few shillings for necessities. Most of them are at first unfit for work even on a farm. Their experiences have weakened them so much that it may take three months to restore them to health. Luckiest are the women—because domestic service is always waiting for them. Most of the single men will emigrate. Canada has behaved splendidly and is taking 500 of all classes of workmen, and also agricultural workers.

The most urgent need is accommodation where groups can learn farming and handicrafts—country houses with plenty of land and outhouses. The trouble is that all the fittest refugees will emigrate, instead of being put to work in Britain where agricultural labour is so much needed. Those remaining will be too old for such work.

The British and German Governments, or at any rate the departments concerned, manage to work together quite well. My latest news, for instance, is that twenty doctors are going to be allowed to enter this country to look after their countrymen and women. That is, if the British Medical Association is not too hard-hearted.

I continued my investigations by walking through Russell Square, past the British Museum to Bloomsbury House, where half a dozen different organisations have their headquarters to help mainly the Jewish refugees from Germany. The Jewish Aid Committee, the Society of Friends—the Quakers are doing great work—the Committee of Austrians, the Inter Aid Guarantee Department were only a few of the bodies I found at work there.

It is a harrowing sight, the daily crowd of men, women and children, refugees of all ages, passing the barrier and entering the central hall, around which are plywood stands, rather like an old fashioned bazaar. In the centre, slumped in seats, the refugees wait. Whereas as many as 600 a day pass through the Mecklenburgh Square house—and the Czech Committee started for a fortnight in one room, Professor J. M. Keynes' library—I imagine well over 1,000 visit Bloomsbury House daily.

The "bazaar" stalls cater for, according to their labels, general inquiries, trainees, overseas settlement, medical aid, welfare, housing, extension of permit, finance, finance guarantee. These labels, in two languages, alone tell the scope of the work to be done.

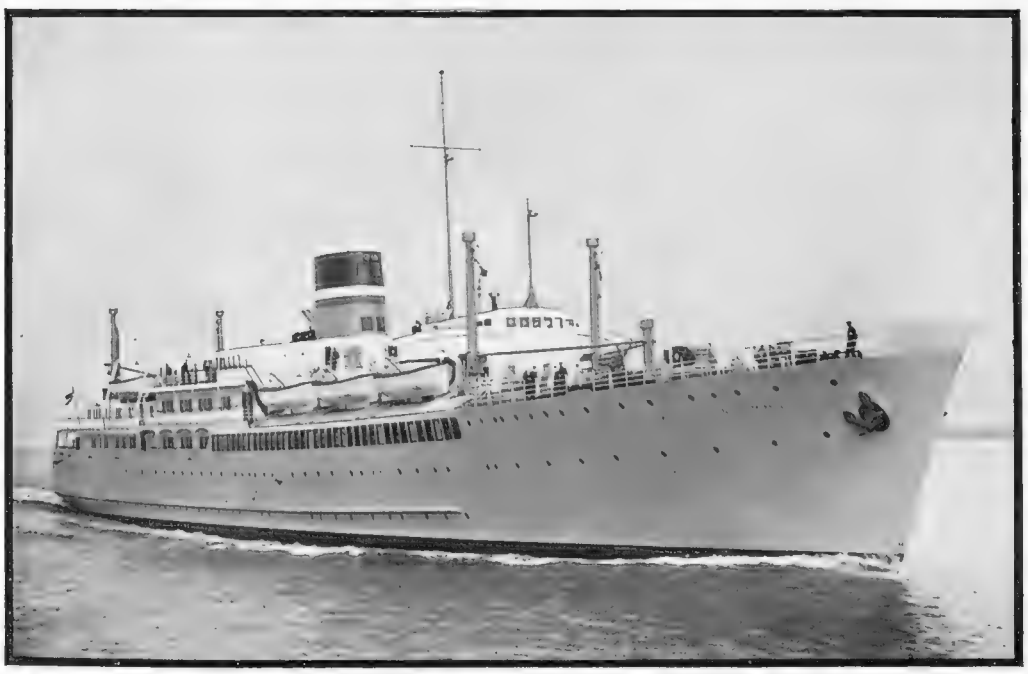
As I am standing there a woman is pleading with an official. In her arms she is carrying a nine-months-old baby girl. Her request is impossible. Then as a final gesture she raises the baby up and dandles it before the official, trying to coax a smile on its pretty face. The baby cries, then the mother starts crying, a long, high-pitched wail, as she slumps on to a chair. No one in the crowded room looks round. It is not lack of interest, it is hopeless resignation. Someone takes her place at the desk. Someone will always be taking someone else's place at those desks. Another wave of anxious people sweeps in, looking for the ray of hope which may perhaps come to-day, to-morrow. . . .

TRANSPORT ON LAND AND SEA

"LAUNCHING" A LOCOMOTIVE: Major-General Sir Cecil Pereira speaking through the microphone before unveiling the name plate on the L.N.E.R. locomotive *Coldstreamer*, a ceremony that took place on No. 7 platform at King's Cross in the presence of a notable company, including the Provost of Coldstream. After the unveiling Sir Cecil entered the cabin of the locomotive and drove it to the end of the platform while the band of the Coldstreams played the regimental march

BRIDGE BUILDING WITH A DIFFERENCE: It was a magnificent sight as this great wooden arch was swung into position by tugs on the Angerman river, north Sweden, before the concrete mixers got to work and started moulding over the wooden structure a graceful cantilever arch. In the past ten years the technique of bridge building in Scandinavia has made the most phenomenal strides

HISTORY IS MADE IN NEW YORK HARBOUR: A single tug, the 137-ton, Diesel-propelled *Sheila Moran*, in a test arranged with the French Line, tows the 43,000-ton liner, *Ile de France*, at a speed of 4 miles per hour against the tide in New York harbour. The test was arranged in order to prove the great strength of this new type of tug. It is powered by a 900-h.p. General Motors 2-cycle Diesel engine



A NEW LINK WITH CONTINENTAL EUROPE: A full-length view (*above*) and a close-up of the superstructure (*on right*) of the Zeeland Steamship Company's new M.V. *Koningin Emma*, of over 4,000 gross tonnage, which has just taken her place in the daylight service between Harwich and Flushing, running on alternate days from England, and will be joined on July 3 (Monday next) by her sister ship, *Prinses Beatrix*. A member of the staff of "The Sphere" travelled aboard the *Koningin Emma* on her maiden voyage and found that in varying sea conditions she moved in most comfortable fashion. Her lines are slender, conveying an idea of speed, and her brightly painted funnel in red, white, and blue, the national colours of Holland, provides a distinctly gay touch. The decoration of the saloons is modern

FIRST NIGHTERS AT COVENT GARDEN where the Russian Ballet is now in full swing again and includes a number of new productions. *Left*—The Earl and Countess of Rosse. The Countess is the sister of Oliver Messel, the talented designer of stage and film settings. *Right*—Lady Elizabeth Scott. *Below*—Antal Dorati, who conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra at Covent Garden, being complimented in the first interval by Geneve Maulin of Paris

BRIGHT STARS IN COVENT GARDEN'S CONSTELLATION: *Above*—Riabouchinska in the title role of "Cinderella," on the second night. *Left*—Baronova as the siren in *The Prodigal Son*

A VARIED WEEK in the LONDON THEATRE:

By PHILIP PAGE

MR. TERENCE RATTIGAN having been very bright indeed in *French Without Tears* shows another aspect of the Bright Young People in his *After the Dance* at the St. James'. I do not think these people were ever particularly bright in any sense; in this play they are not even young. They yelped and made whoopee and nuisances of themselves generally, in the early 1920's. Here they are trying to do the same thing and to dodge boredom by giving each other awful parties, where everyone shouts too loud and drinks too much, or, what is worse, pretends to drink too much.

Much of Mr. Rattigan's second act is concerned with such a party and it was almost too realistic, even down to the bearded embodiment of Bloomsbury pretentiousness, with his corduroy trousers and Communistic tie. This one did not open his mouth, but I itched none the less to hit him over the head with a hammer or to cut his throat with a sickle. So dreadful was this party that the hostess threw herself from the balcony of the flat; which was a pity, for, in the person of Miss Catherine Lacey, who gave a superb display of a woman getting herself laced-up with cocktails in order to do something desperate, she was by far the most attractive feature of it. Miss Lacey was miserable, as a matter of fact, because her husband had fallen in love with a young girl named Helen, who was very post-war and a prig, and she with him.

Helen, who had been engaged to a youth called Peter and had broken it off, was, in addition, of the possessive type and quite selfish. She is determined to reform not only the husband's drinking habits but also his literary style. For David Scott-Fowler is an author of leisurely output, who has been engaged for a long period on a life of King Bomba of Naples. The youthful Helen reads David's history of this not very notable monarch and proceeds to treat the author and the manuscript in cavalier fashion. The one is subjected to the most drastic criticism possible to administer to any biographer and the other is consigned to the waste-paper basket, from which it is later rescued by the unfortunate Joan. The widowed husband was to be completely managed by Helen for his own good, but he rather jibbed at her suggestion of marriage in a country cottage within an indecently short time of his wife's suicide. At last some wise words from a friend, whose dashes to the gin bottle at frequent intervals during the play have not blunted his intelligence, help him to realise the situation. He decides to break with Helen and fly to the Continent. The curtain falls as David, whisky glass in hand, grapples with the task of writing to Helen. The contrast between the ex-Bright Young People and their somewhat grim successors is worked out most ingeniously. Helen is a humourless pest who takes herself most seriously and is honestly under the impression that she is a splendid specimen of a Brave New World. Peter, her ex-fiancé, aged twenty-two, is from the same stable. One has to make allowances for the fact that he had just been jilted; the male abandoned is not an heroic figure. But Peter made him less heroic by his attitude towards the man who had, as they say, pinched his girl. That attitude could hardly be expected to be a friendly one and Peter, white with anger or grief or both, ostentatiously refused to take his hand. But, having arrived at the flat with the intention of borrowing £20, he did not refuse to take his cheque.

These two specimens of the Nasty Young People were extremely well acted by Mr. Hubert Gregg and by Miss Ann Firth, who cleverly brought out the fact that Helen was not at all aware of her failings, which cannot have been an easy job. Mr. Robert Harris won a good deal of sympathy for the husband when he might so easily have lost it.

But the best performance was that of Mr. Martin Walker, as the boosy parasite who was so partial to his host's gin and to giving cynically amusing good advice. I do not seem to remember Mr. Walker playing anything but these lovably alcoholic parts. But he plays them perfectly and as a provider of entertainment he outdistanced everybody. In fact, he won in a decanter.

The Royal Theatre of Greece.—The all-too-short visit to His Majesty's of the Royal Theatre of Greece was a most abundant success. To my great regret I was able to see only their *Electra*. *Hamlet*, I hear, was even more interesting. This was quite a novel experience. Sophocles' gloomy drama of adultery and revenge is known here by (i) Richard Strauss's opera, (ii) public-school performances in as near an approach to classical Greek as public schoolboys are able to get, and (iii) highish brow productions in English, usually with Gilbert Murray's translation.

"I HAVE A SONG TO SING, O": as Jack Point and Elsie May which is being presented Gilbert and Sullivan season tion lovers of the Savoy Sphere's" special illustrated with the D'Oyly Carte Com of pictures and eight pages 3s. 6d. and may be had on "The Sphere," 32, St.

Terence Rattigan Changes His Tune in "After the Dance"—Greek Actors Score a Success—"Pericles" in the Open Air

Our Greek visitors spoke a curious mongrel tongue. I was fortunate in having as my companion a well-known Greek resident in London, Dr. Oreste Sinanide, the distinguished specialist, who was able to put me wise about various matters in a way that added considerably to both my knowledge and my enjoyment. The Greek we were listening to was, it seems, neither classical nor modern Greek, but the latter mixed with what is known as "Malliari," the fabricated language of a *coterie* of intellectuals headed by a M. Psichari at the beginning of the century. This language is so artificial that to certain Greeks it is highly irritating, partly because the verbs are displaced and the balance of the lines thus upset.

I do not imagine that the majority of the large number of English people in the audience (the short season, by the way, was blessed with very large audiences) knew enough about Greek of any era or type to be irritated. So far from being irritated myself, I was highly delighted to find that I could understand a sentence or two here and there quite well.

But the important point was the acting. This was on a very high level indeed. Madame Paxinou, the Electra, has a lovely speaking voice — this "Malliari," by the way, whatever its deficiencies in other respects, is a musical and flexible tongue — and is a most accomplished tragedienne. Madame Papadaki was both dignified and evil as the horrible Klytaemnestra. M. Cotsopdulos as Orestes seemed to me to speak at a terrific speed; but his grace and vitality were beyond question.

Best of all was the performance of that important element, the female chorus. How they managed—there were about forty of them, I should think—to intone in perfect unison and symmetry of rhythm, in spite of the fact that they were speaking and not singing and had, therefore, no fixed melody for their guidance, was really marvellous. I was interested to note that some of these young women, though by no means beautiful according to modern standards and the banal "glamour" of Hollywood, had the classical Greek profile found in ancient statues—i.e. the straight line from the top of the forehead to the tip of the nose.

For the Greek race has changed far less than is generally imagined in over 2,000 years. Plato come to life again would not be surprised at the appearance of modern Greeks, and would be able to chat to them with ease—if he managed to survive the shock of motor-cars and telephones.

"Pericles" at Regent's Park.—The evening I saw that more or less Shakespearean play (probably less rather than more) *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* in Regent's Park, it was found possible to play it in the open air, though only just. (Some of those later scenes needed a bit of an airing.) There had been a thunderstorm a few hours before, but the sky was clear, except for aeroplanes. It was damp and chilly, however, and I was sorry for the members of the ballet with their scanty draperies and bare legs, and a splotch of mud on each knee after they had knelt down.

Even Mr. Robert Eddison, excellent and wondrously handsome as Pericles himself, had very little to wear, though he had lots to say, for this is a long, long part, and not, to be frank, a particularly interesting one; the man and his troubles grow somewhat tedious. The whole of that huge first act, with which Shakespeare, from internal evidence, seems to have had but little to do, dragged a lot. This was not the fault of Mr. Robert Atkins's always ingenious and frequently beautiful production, and there were plenty of clever people, notably Mr. Morris Harvey, making the most of his few chances as a comic fisherman.

The second act is much better and might be described as brief, bright, and brothelly. Shakespeare's hand is here far more in evidence and many lines and at least one whole scene bear the authentic stamp almost beyond question. The famous brothel episode is retained with hardly any cutting, so I imagine that *Pericles* will not be one of those Shakespeare productions to which schoolchildren are conducted in pious pilgrimage. That scene is good fun in its broad outspoken way, and even if it does call a spade a bl——y shovel it is far more healthy than much of the covert and perverted indecency which seems to be able to find its way into a number of modern plays and to raise a dirty snigger.

Miss Pollie Emery was here immensely amusing and vital as the nasty Bawd, and Mr. Peter Bennett kept himself in the same key, as Regent's Park's other Pandar (who is not likely to be on sale in shops in woolly toy form). A brothel in the open air, by the way, with leafy bushes as its background and the night sky for its ceiling is surely a novelty. But I do not aspire to be an expert in such matters.

Mr. Wilfred Walter as Antiochus and Mr. Tristan Rawson as Simonides put in good work. The women's parts in this play are both unsatisfying and difficult. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt had little to do as Dionysa except to be bad-tempered. To Miss

(*Continued on page* 36)

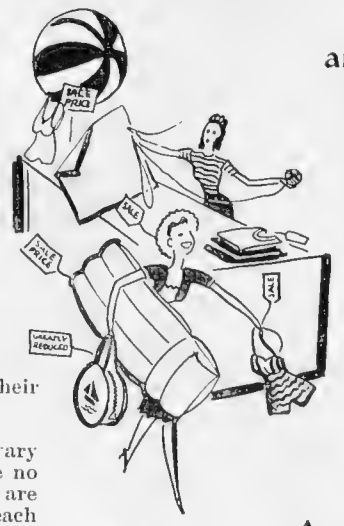
EMPIRE BUILDING provides the theme for *The Sun Never Sets*, the new Universal picture which had its premiere at the Plaza on June 28. *Left*—Mary Forbes, Basil Rathbone, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr. *Right*—Basil Rathbone as Clive Randolph, the young officer who is devoted to his life in the service on the Gold Coast. His brother (Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr.) is less enthusiastic. *Below*—Valerie Hobson and Max Michael in *This Man in Paris*, a new British production

Martyn Green and Helen Roberts nard in *The Yeomen of the Guard*, several times during the four-week at Sadler's Wells. In this connec-operas will be interested in "The record produced by arrangement pany and including forty-eight pages in full colour. It is priced at application to the Publisher, Bride Street, London, E.C.4

GAY TO GRAVE: Playwright Terence Rattigan who has followed up his success in *French Without Tears* with *After the Dance*, a more serious play which is reviewed above by our dramatic critic. Mr. Rattigan is reputed to have made £23,000 out of *French Without Tears*. *On right*—Henry Victor provides a Teutonic touch in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*

THE SAGA OF THE SUMMER SALES

Now is the Time to Buy, and to Buy Bravely. There are Wonderful Holiday Bargains, and You Can Save Pounds on Autumn Clothes



IF you are the sort of woman who likes painless saving, now is the time to really let yourself go. The big stores are crowded with bargains. Genuine bargains. The sort that break their hearts but fill the eyes of their customers with gladness.

The idea that sales are traps for the unwary has long been exploded. The big stores have no use, and no space to spare, for clothes that are filling their departments towards the end of each season. Their sole idea is to sell them, at no matter what sacrifice, in order that they can start afresh with high fashion goods that will tempt women to spend big money during the coming months. A good buyer has nothing left in her department at the end of a fashion season so hurry along and take seriously this business of discovering for yourself the sort of gift-price clothes that will see you through your summer holidays with great distinction, and lay the foundation of your early autumn wardrobe.

Go a little gay. Spend a little more than you meant to, for trade is the life-blood of a country, and here is a way of lending a helping hand and at the same time doing yourself a very good turn.

Suppose we think about holidays first. Hurry off straight away to Marshall and Snelgrove, for there you will find super quality fine cashmere sets, beautifully shaped, and made in delightful colours, the pullovers reduced to 21s. from 32s. 6d., and the cardigans reduced to 25s. from 39s. 6d. If you are wanting a knitted wool suit—and what woman who spends much time in the country can bear to be without one?—you will find one in a two-coloured spot design, such as grey and navy, brown and beige, or navy and white, for just £2. It started life at 4 guineas, and it was good value then. If tea gowns are your favourite wear, and particularly if you are not slim, you will discover many thrills in the tea gown department. For instance, a charming lace two-piece, with twisted shoulder straps and a neat bolero, for 4½ guineas, or a figured crêpe afternoon dress for £2.

From a fashion point of view you could not make a better buy than a black moire evening skirt, spreading grandly from a small waist, all for 49s. 6d. Wear it with a ninon shirt blouse that you can get for 29s. 6d., or with a frilly georgette blouse at 35s. 9d. The blouse-and-skirt vogue is one of the most pronounced trends this summer. In the debutante department there are extremely attractive lace evening frocks for £2, and for summer days, unlined wool coats, full length, and worn over printed crêpe dresses, all for 59s. 6d. As for beachwear, you will find it difficult to discover anything neater than a porous cotton shirt, delightfully cool and well shaped, for 5s., with navy or grey all-wool stockinette shorts at 6s. 6d.

At Swan and Edgar's, if you are quick, you will find amazing beach coats, three-quarter length, made in printed cotton and lined with Terry towelling, for 14s. 9d., artificial taffeta swim suits, light as a feather, that fit all figures and dry in next to no time, for 5s.; and a host of floral cotton breakfast gowns, glazed like chintz, and fresh as summer flowers, for 10s. 11d.

If you are needing a travel coat you can get one in real Irish tweed, the sort that is a slip-on swagger, with grand-looking raglan sleeves, for 30s., while you will find one of their short tailored jackets in light-weight woollen materials ideal for wearing with an odd skirt or over a simple dress. They cost 30s. and are made in pastel and bright shades. Finally, be sure to see their 60s. evening dresses. They have them in poult, grand enough to make an imposing entrance on any occasion, and in lots of other fabrics as well.

July 3 is the great day when the sale starts at Debenham and Freebody's. This, as everyone knows, is the place for furs. All their very beautiful French models they have marked down to half-price, and they are offering special values in mink. Most of their mink coats show a reduction of 100 guineas, and they have groups of various furs at 29, 39, and 49 guineas. These include American broadtail, Persian lamb, and silver fox capes. Brides-to-be will find exquisite trousseau garments at less than half-price, and there is a general, substantial reduction in lingerie that is made in Debenham's own workrooms by their own workers. There are even pure-silk washing satin nightdresses at 25s. 9d. each, and others, in pure silk satin or crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with needle-run lace, for 29s. 6d.

Fur-trimmed coats for the autumn are marked down to £5; the entire collection of model millinery is to be sold at £1 and £1 10s., with original French models for £2; and there will be many outstanding bargains in model gowns and suits.

The sale lasts for three weeks and remnant days are every Friday and Saturday. During the middle week there will be special offers in fabrics and household linens, and during the last week sweeping final reductions.

Gorringe's sale also starts on July 3, and they are issuing a particularly interesting catalogue of fabrics, showing styles in which the various materials could be made up, and giving particulars of the quantities required. Their remnant days will be on July 20, 21 and 22, and they are offering throughout the sale, tweeds, afgalaines, friezes and light-weight dress fabrics for 3s. a yard, with angoras and bouclés at 4s., and art silk crêpe-de-Chine at 2s. a yard.

Their 10s. shoe day on Tuesday, July 18, should not be missed, nor should their real crocodile bags at 20s., or their real pigskin ones at the same price.

Keen housewives will appreciate Irish linen table-cloths with fast washing borders and over-checks, at 3s. 6d., "Snowhite" winter sheets of flannelette reduced to 9s. 6d. for the single size and 11s. 9d. for the double; cellular blankets with whipped ends at 12s. 6d. and 21s., and coloured blankets at 15s. 6d. a pair.

Dickins and Jones is the place for stockings, for they have a magnificent line called "Cornuel." They are French, and they have been reduced from 8s. 11d. to 4s. 11d.

Their candy-striped house-coats, which cost only 12s. 6d., are so gay that you will want to live in them, and their angora ones, tailored with almost military precision, and made in two complementary colours, are the sort of buy you will congratulate yourself on right through the winter. Incidentally, they have been marked down to 21s. from 32s. 6d.

If you are wanting something to see you through the rest of the summer in town you can get the most exciting little jacket costumes, with striped navy dresses and gay little pleated skirts, the necks finished with detachable piqué collars, all for £2 10s. They are young, and gay, and practical, and their life is likely to be a long one.

They have a famous lingerie department, and the majority of the things there are marked down to half-price. As a stand-by their sunray pleated wool georgette skirts in navy or black, priced at 17s. 9d., cannot be beaten.

Now, of course, is the time to order tailored suits and coats. Studd and Millington and Bernard Weatherill are both making their usual reductions on all their ready-to-wear things. They have a wonderful range of fabrics for the autumn, and since their tailoring is classic in its perfection it is easy to make investments that are supremely well worth while.

To make the most of your opportunities you should well study the catalogues issued by the big stores before you begin your actual shopping campaign. Work out quite clearly exactly what you want, and then adhere faithfully to your plan. Leave a margin for frivolities and a few breath-taking bargains that it would be criminal to miss. And then prepare to enjoy thoroughly a well-won feeling of triumphant and strong-minded virtue.

All these stores will very gladly send catalogues on request, and, since each of them has special weeks throughout their sale, there is no reason to feel that only the first few days are of vital importance.

LONDON LIFE:

Mainly From the Feminine Angle

CINE-VIEW: This wedding guest expertly trained her camera on the bride, and while she made sure of her picture she at the same time provided a subject for the cameraman. The wedding was at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

HOME FROM HOLLYWOOD: British film actress Margot Grahame seen aboard the *Normandie* on arrival at Plymouth from America, where she has been appearing with success in a number of pictures

THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON ALEXANDRA ROSE DAY: H.R.H. buying her roses before starting a tour of the depots. *Right*—A close-up of the Duchess in a striking hat fashion

On right—ANOTHER ARRIVAL ON THE "NORMANDIE" last week was Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, who has come over on a visit to England with her young son, Lance

THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES: Just look at the expressions on the faces of these children as they watch a Punch and Judy show at the children's garden party of the Scottish Women's Hospitals Memorial Association. While the little girl on the left looks anxiously at the combatants, who are evidently engaged in one of their battles royal, the others have abandoned themselves to uproarious laughter, led by the youngster in the foreground who has clapped his hands on his knees and is almost bent double with excitement

TO HEAR HER NATIVE TONGUE: The Duchess of Kent arriving at His Majesty's Theatre to attend the performance of Sophocles' *Electra* by members of the Royal Theatre Company of Greece. The play was spoken in modern Greek

GOOD MEASURE FROM SIR JOHN SQUIRE:

Reminiscences of Varied Charm in which the Author Conjures Up an Eventful Past in the World of Letters

The WORLD OF BOOKS *Reviewed by* VERNON FANE

SIR JOHN SQUIRE walked from London all the way to Devonshire, which he found as good an excuse as any to bestir the pools of memory and produce a book of reminiscences with the musical title of *The Honeysuckle and the Bee*.

It seems that in the mood of reminiscence Sir John is best inspired when taking a journey. This time he climbs into a canoe and under the able skippership of Mr. William Bliss, paddles, sculls, tows, or whatever one does in a canoe, from Oxford via the Cherwell through the Oxford Canal and the Avon, down the upper reaches of the Thames. And since much of the journey was sheer Bliss, it is reasonable that the resultant volume should be WATER MUSIC (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.).

He found the said Mr. Bliss sitting on a wheelbarrow smoking his pipe: "He had on a disgraceful hat, a ginger coat, experienced grey flannel trousers, but a resplendent tie."

"'Weren't you at Stonyhurst, Bliss?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he admitted, with a puzzled gaze.

"'Well,' I felt bound to say, as men have been sent to prison for less than this, 'why are you wearing an old Salopian tie?'

"'It isn't!' he replied hotly, "it's the tie of my daughter's hockey club.'

"I said 'Sorry!' not knowing what else would fit the occasion."

Which is a fair sample of Sir John Squire's encounters, most of which, however, take in different memories, as for instance, thirty-odd years ago when he went up the Cherwell in a boat with an interesting acquaintance reputed to be a brilliant scholar and they talked without excitement of Petronius, Rabelais, and sometimes of less literate friends. Suddenly they saw a huge painted sign advertising a forthcoming Oxford Pageant, giving names and dates and announcing a book of words by Robert Bridges. Quite rightly they decided that the sign was doing no good where it was, and thought it had better be removed to rooms in Balliol where far more people would be likely to see it.

"My ring-leader ringled and I meekly followed. He ahead, I behind, with this vast congeries of painted planks supported by our crushed palms and leaning on our aching shoulders, paraded through the crowded streets of Oxford. We were aware and very responsible Titans, with bowed heads and aspiring eyes gazing upwards towards some unguessed dawn. Once a policeman saluted; nobody spoke to us; we were respected."

Crabwise they tottered up the staircase and into his room. "What became of the poster I know not; what became of him I know; with every year a number of reputations for life-long solemnity which one can blow up increases . . ."

It is as good a memory-stirring method as any, and with more charm and diversity than most, and when one can add that in this book Sir John Squire ranges indiscriminately from such recollections as a talk with Thomas Hardy at Max Gate lasting till two o'clock in the morning, to an interview at Monte Carlo with a lady who in 1880 had been the human cannon-ball at the Aquarium, to a meeting with Rudyard Kipling at the Athenæum Club, and a soliloquy on a visit to Berlin before the war, and some penetrative remarks upon the German character, we realise that we are being given good measure.

Woven with the narrative are the pleasant thrills, adventures, and encounters of the journey itself. Rumour has it that Sir John is planning his reminiscences in more and more volumes. He once threatened to set off on a horse. Perhaps that will be the next one, but I for one hope that he will not go to the hill-billy school for his musical title.

One is either a Dos Passos fan or one is not; and even the most earnest of his devotees will admit that in form and technique his work is unique enough to be something not for the universal taste. Those of us who are used to his particular form of expressionism and have been exhilarated by the sporadic technique, the use of flash-backs and seemingly inconsequential tangents, will be surprised, relieved or disappointed, according to our taste, that in his latest book, ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN (Constable. 8s. 6d.), we are presented with a more or less straightforward narrative.

Yet even in this book the normal technique of the novel goes overboard and gives way to a series of vignettes which run the gamut of a man's life from his very earliest impressions of childhood to his death on a Spanish battlefield.

His subject is Glenn Spotswood whose life progresses in a series of contemporary portraits. Glenn was brought up in the eastern states of America and the early awakening of his intelligence finds him perplexed and baffled in a world of shifting idealism. His father, for instance, had adopted the unpopular role of declaring against American intervention in the war. Very early in life he himself became caught up in various movements to change society and to save the world. He became what in America they call a "red," and besides doing all manner of jobs from a bond salesman, a bank clerk, to a factory worker he became a labour organiser and a Washington lobbyist.

His early struggles in the awakening dream of life are tenderly and beautifully described. His extra social activities, dictated by his almost passionate zeal to better the state of mankind, reveal the savagery with which such gentle natures must wrestle in the battle with entrenched ignorance.

The Spanish war roused his desire to do battle to a realistic and spiritual level, but he was soon to realise that the real foes were not all gathered under the banner of the declared foe. He was exploited, pushed round, betrayed, and his death (described in one of the most moving pieces of writing I have read for a long time) has the essence of tragedy moved by a deep pity that so much that is good and noble should run to such insensate waste.

We have our novels of the soil and the consequently earthy humanities, but in nine cases out of ten they are written by a Scot, a Welshman, or an Irishman. When it occurs to an Englishman, or an English woman for that matter, to write a book about country life, he or she sees it in terms of old estates, tea parties, and the struggle to make some kind of decent show on a colonel's pension. And still they write good novels.

Miss Dorothy Whipple's THE PRIORY (John Murray. 8s. 6d.) has the sentimental but none the less inescapable appeal of a group of elms on a summer evening. If you are the kind of person to be moved by such a sight against a clear June sky then you are the kind of person who will be touched by the story Miss Whipple has to tell.

When, after the war, Major Marwood retired from army life to his inheritance of Saunby Priory, he found that to be left a lovely house, an acre of noble ruins and a large estate did not mean that one inherited, by the same token, an aptitude for management. "Damn it, I'm a soldier!" Major Marwood would snort, when the bills and the notes from fretful tenants piled up too high on his desk, and he would sell another farm in the cause of peace and solvency. The Major was a good-looking man with two young, beautiful and guileless daughters, and it is when the book becomes concerned with their stories that it takes on a kind of enchantment. Christine and Penelope were neither sophisticates nor fey. They were innocent, gay and quite a bit silly, absorbed in their own companionship and mildly tolerant of whatever went on around them, so long as it did not touch the inviolate circle of their own lives. In other words they were as selfish as could be, but so shy and so charming about it all that no one would have suspected it.

Into their placid, park-like Eden came a reputable and altogether county snake. She married their father, reorganised their lives, and, final indiscretion, produced twin babies. Penelope and Christine, very properly aghast at such behaviour, married themselves off to adoring young men, and then their troubles began.

If there is a touch of *Little Women*, of Marmee and Jo, about the solution of these troubles, that is surely no drawback to a reader of discernment. If it is an error of taste for a long novel to have a happy and thoroughly tidy ending, with all loose ends neatly secured, then this one, for all the fluency and charm of its writing, is doomed to neglect by the highbrows. But in matters of enjoyment we can afford to neglect the highbrows and be glad that, in their wisdom, the Committee of the Book Society have made *The Priory* their choice.

LITTLE TIN GOD (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is as unlikeable a piece of work as I have read for many months. That is not to say that it has not movement, power, and a certain sick realism. It is the story of a young man of German ancestry who is a clerk in a London bank, marries an extremely intelligent girl, and by what the publishers refer to as the "inescapable logic of events" becomes a German spy.

My quarrel with Mr. Frank Tilsley's book is not that it is remote from life or that it is anything but vivid and credible. I am prepared to believe in it all, even in the physical and intellectual collapse of the would-be Nazi's wife. But I don't like it; and surely there is something wrong from the scrupulously artistic, with a set of characters of uniform unpleasantness?

There might have been a moment at which they were all sharply differentiated; a villain, a misunderstood hero, a wronged heroine, a dear little boy; but such is the author's savagery in referring to the Nazi movement, that his expression of it darkens the whole story and gradually turns the living characters into unhappy marionettes.

We can understand and sympathise, and even commend Mr. Tilsley's attitude, but it does not inspire a first-rate, or even a good novel, and that is what we were coming to expect from him.

THE STORY OF THETIS: *One of the Fifty Daughters of Doris the Goddess of the Sea*

THETIS IS SURPRISED BY PELEUS WHILE BATHING: *Left*—A terra-cotta and black vase in the British Museum representing an incident in the story of the daughter of the sea goddess. *On right*—THETIS COMFORTING HER SON, ACHILLES, while three of her sister nymphs stand by, holding the warrior's spear, helmet, and shield

The story of Thetis, mother of Achilles, varies considerably in its many different interpretations, as all mythology is apt to do, declares a "Sphere" reader, who has sent us this note based upon researches following the recent submarine disaster.

Thetis was one of the fifty daughters of Nereus and Doris, goddess of the sea. These sister sea-nymphs were called Nereids, and amongst their number were Amphitrite and Galatea. To Thetis alone was given the power to change her shape at will. Her great beauty attracted the attention of both Zeus and Poseidon, who sought her hand in marriage, but when they heard from Themis that the son of Thetis would be stronger than his father both the gods decided that she must marry a mortal. Peleus was selected as a suitable husband, and although Thetis tried to metamorphose herself to avoid him, Peleus held her fast until she promised to marry him.

On one of the very lovely terra-cotta and black vases at the British Museum, Thetis is represented, surprised while bathing, by Peleus. Eros flies overhead while Aphrodite and the other Nereids are grouped around the vase.

The wedding was honoured by all the gods, with the exception of Eris or Discord, who was not invited, and avenged herself for this slight by throwing, among the assembled guests the apple which was the source of so much misery.

The other vase painting shows Thetis comforting Achilles, her son. Her sister Nereids stand watching.

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THE TYRES WITH TEETH

DESTINATION UNKNOWN: The great floating dock which has been a familiar landmark in Portsmouth harbour for several years was towed away last week-end by Dutch tugs. No information has been vouchsafed by the authorities as to its destination or ultimate fate

A ROAD ON LEGS: A road running over the Mersey is now in construction at Stockport. Supported by huge concrete columns, it covers the river for a quarter of a mile and will provide the town with a new traffic artery

BOUND FOR THE ROCK: A 70-ft. launch being hoisted aboard the P. and O. liner *Somali* for transit to Gibraltar where it will be used by the Mediterranean Fleet. Though the boat weighs 17 tons it is being lifted by the liner's own derrick

THE PETROL WORLD

MAKING BAD ROADS SAFE

Caution, Courtesy and Common Sense All Help to Make Our Inadequate Roads More Pleasant to Use

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

IN spite of all the deputations that have been organised and all the words that have been written it looks as if motorists in this country are to be condemned, for years to come, to drive on roads which are far too narrow. I think it is quite hopeless to expect any noticeable improvement for at least another ten years. Bad as the roads are, particularly as to width, quite a lot could be done to make them safer and more pleasant to use than is the case at the moment. The authorities could bank more corners, cut down hedges or lower walls that obstruct the view ahead. In fact, without much expense many bends could be straightened out.

In my opinion the worst trouble at the moment is that the conscientious driver finds the already narrow roads greatly diminished in width through the thoughtlessness of a great number of road users. These unthinking people will not keep close in to their near side, and thus completely prevent anyone overtaking unless there is no traffic coming in the opposite direction. I find that when I hoot, these slow-moving drivers get quite annoyed for being requested to pull in and let a faster car get past.

In many places the road authorities have made an attempt to keep the slow driver close to the kerb by painting lines along the length of the road. Where the width is sufficient to accommodate four lines of traffic these lines are really excellent, but when there is only accommodation for three cars abreast, the centre laneway marked out by the two dotted lines is a perfect death trap. Unfortunately, this practice of dividing the road into three lanes is far too common and apparently the authorities realise up to a point that their plan is risky in certain circumstances, because when the dotted lines approach a curve round which the driver cannot see, the dotted lines are dropped and a single dividing line in the centre is substituted.

This forethought is to be commended, but the authorities do not realise that where roads undulate, even if straight, a driver may not have the opportunity of seeing what traffic is approaching him. This danger is, of course, greatly increased at night time, even when the road is absolutely straight and level. I found this out very nearly to my cost on more than one occasion when driving against the traffic returning from the recent Aldershot Tattoo. Following behind a slow car I could see a continuous line of headlamps coming in the opposite direction and on several occasions when I pulled out to overtake, a car out of the opposing queue tried to do the same thing. There is no doubt that this third lane is an absolute battle ground and should be definitely abandoned.

It seems to me that to keep the traffic close to the nearside kerb is a job for mobile police. I do not suggest a campaign of prosecutions but rather one of courtesy because I think the majority of the offenders are merely careless and would do the proper thing if it was pointed out to them. Publicity in the general press and through the radio would help to impress on road users the importance of keeping to the left and I am certain that in this way we road users could contribute substantially towards making our roads of greater effective width. I should say that at the moment drivers of heavy vehicles are by far away the best behaved in this respect. They are nearly always well over to their own side and the moment they see someone wishing to pass they pull in closer. I know that they keep one eye on their mirror, sometimes for a different motive than that of extending courtesy to other road users but then I do not blame them for that because I think they really do find themselves receiving rather an unpleasant amount of attention from the police.

I can say definitely that we have less cause to complain of the lorry driver than any other road user on the roads to-day. Incidentally, I should think that in the generations to come, the eyes of the present lorry drivers' grandchildren will be looking in inclined directions, for their grandfathers appear to me to be compelled to drive with one eye looking in front where they are going and the other in the mirror to see if there is a mobile "cop" on their tail.

There seems to be quite a controversy going on amongst the suppliers of motor cars as to whether the public require generous accommodation and comfort or performance and speed. Some people may say that the question does not arise because many cars, even of small h.p., and I am referring specially to these, give their owners all these features. I do not think that is altogether correct. Let us take an imaginary example.

A 10-h.p. car with a large body accommodating five people will do, say, a genuine 60 m.p.h. If the body size were reduced, and for the sake of argument there was only room for three people inside the body, whilst the roof was lowered, the car should be capable of 65 or 70 m.p.h. In other words, by reducing the size of accommodation, weight can be saved as well as wind resistance and so increased performance should be available. I think to-day the tendency is to give the comfort and accommodation and I do not suppose this policy would be followed unless the manufacturers were very certain of their public. Opinion may change and in a few years time we may see cars of even better performance than the very high standard attained to-day.

Some people who can well-afford to buy their clothes in Savile Row frequently buy suits off the peg at perhaps a third of the cost which they would have to meet if they patronised the first-class establishments. They do this because they prefer perhaps to have three suits which probably last only the same total time as the one good article. Economy, if I may call it by that word, in such directions does not harm anybody. All the world loves a bargain and so even when the purse strings do not dictate, a great number of people, including motorists, love to buy something on the cheap. Such deals are considered great fun but when cheap articles or supplies are bought for motor cars the fun of the transaction is likely to dissipate quite rapidly.

HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME LOOKS: A beautiful example of modern coachwork on a short 4·3-litre Alvis. Here is a car which is as smart to use in town as it is fast to drive on the open road

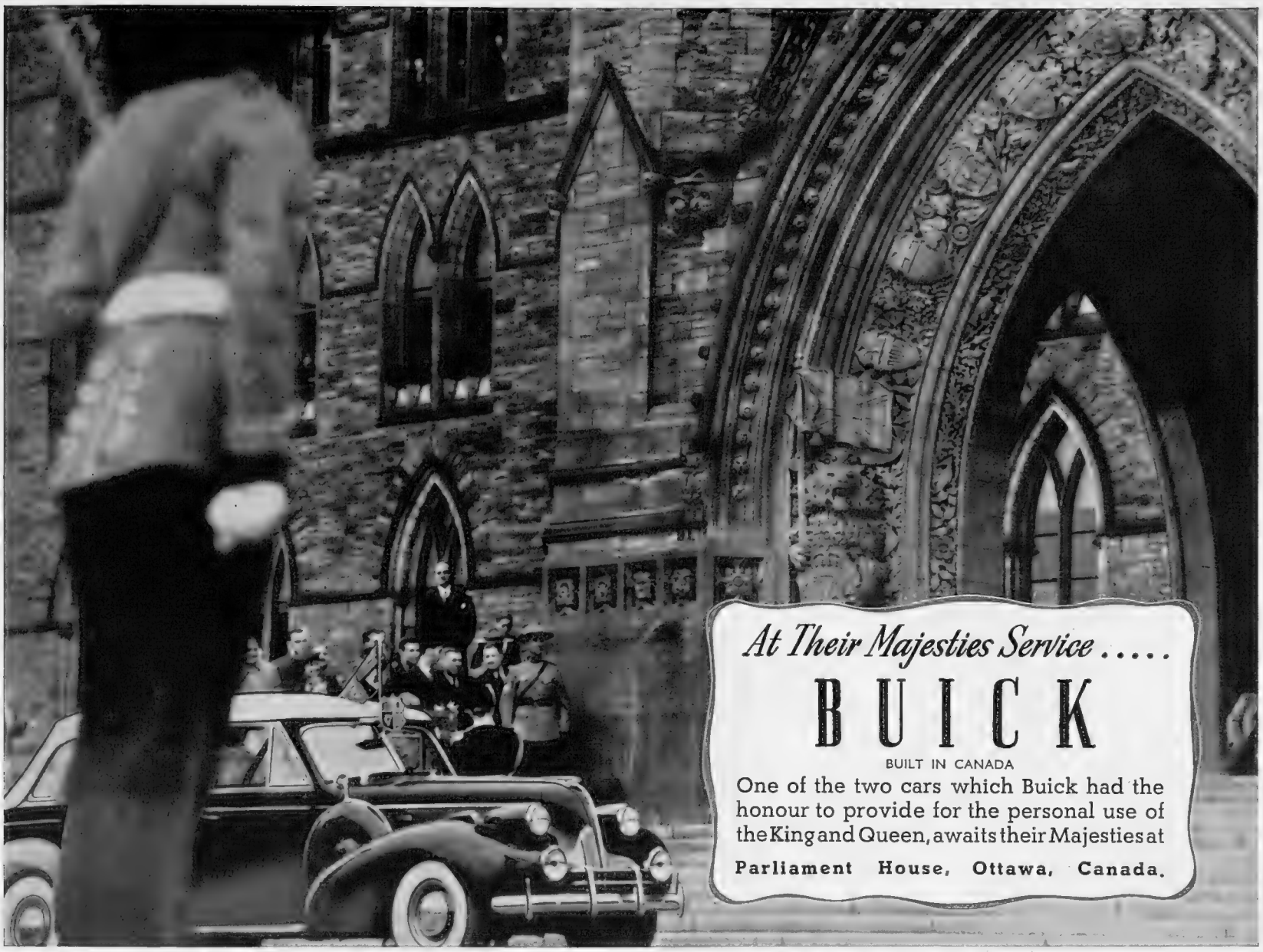
The driver who has ample means and buys cheap oil, for instance, will find little to laugh at regarding his cleverness after he has covered a thousand miles or even less. It is absolutely false economy to try to save even a penny a gallon on engine oil if that entails putting into the power unit an inferior grade.

So many motorists have become almost semi-demented over the increase in the horse-power tax and are making all sorts of plans as to how they can save money on their motoring accounts for next year that I fear many will consider saving a few pence on their oil bill. Let such motorists take it as certain that any such attempt at economy will land them into far greater expense in the end. A cheap petrol is perhaps not so fraught with risk, for there are some cars that actually go better on No. 3 grade of spirit.

Cheap plugs, if unbranded, or reconditioned, may also prove an expensive investment but they are not likely to produce any serious hidden results, because if unsuitable for their work they will demonstrate that fact by misfiring, which the motorist will soon detect. Tyres are another item in which motorists may try to save a few pounds. Here again any inferior article quickly displays its faults.

In my opinion it is definitely false economy to buy anything but the best where supplies are required for one's car. Those of sufficient means have no reason to indulge in such experiments and those motorists whose financial resources are definitely limited would be much better advised to economise, if they have to, by reducing their mileage.

(Continued on page 36)



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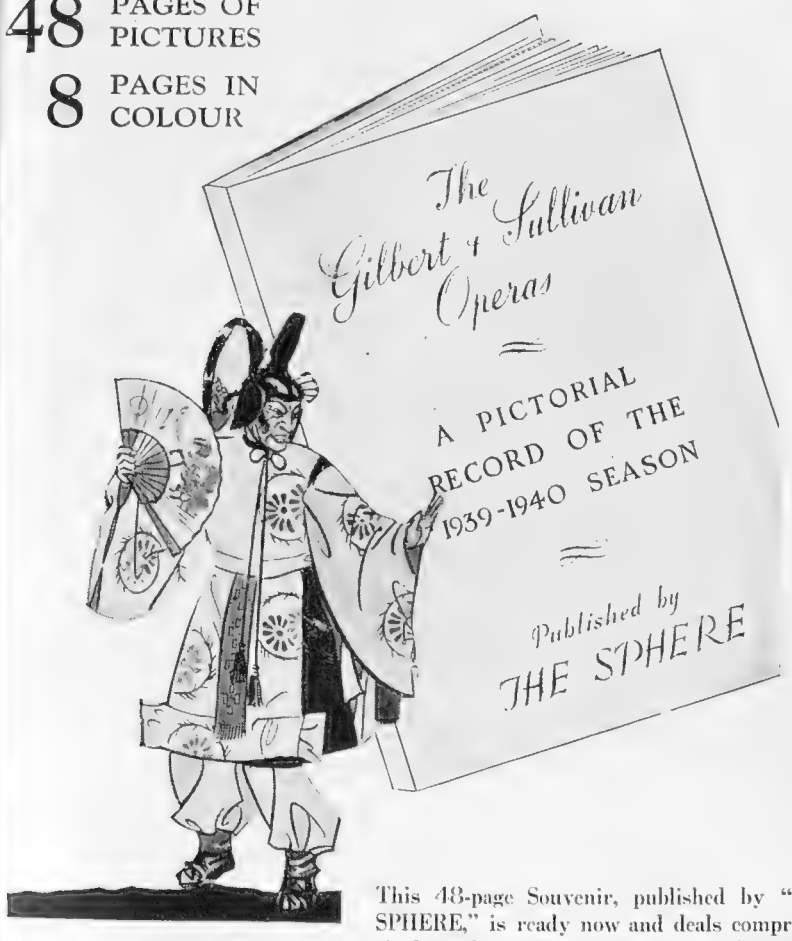

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THE DOMES OF HARROGATE: This view of the popular spa shows its silhouette to be very rich in domes, towers, and spires. It is taken from an upper view of the Majestic looking across the lower part of Harrogate, where the Royal Baths and other noted buildings are congregated, to the high ground of St. Peter's Church and the Stray

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

YORKSHIRE'S FAMOUS SPA

Harrogate's New Royal Baths Extended—The Spa as a Centre for Scenic Beauty and Festival

HARROGATE.—On the way to Northumbria recently I once again broke my journey at Harrogate, a place I never miss if it can be helped. The air there possesses a remarkable quality of stimulation and it seems to operate as soon as you arrive. The town is particularly pleasing—clean, spacious, and well endowed with gardens—and it is anticipated that this present season will be one of the most notable in the history of this famous spa.

For the past two years a building scheme of the Royal Baths has been in operation, and on July 10, the Lord Mayor of London, together with the Sheriffs of London, and the lord mayors and sheriffs of the principal cities of Great Britain will go to Harrogate to open in state the new Royal Baths extension. The extension and the new Lounge Hall and Fountain Court have cost nearly £100,000. A new wing has been added to the Royal Baths, where treatments embodying the mineral waters are administered. The new building has a capacity of 1,000 treatments per day, and in size is equal to the present Royal Baths.

The new Lounge Hall has been erected on the site of the old Winter Gardens. It is equipped in a modern and luxurious style and is panelled entirely in Empire hardwoods. The new open Fountain Court is between the Lounge Hall and the Royal Baths extension. It has a colonnade round the sides, and in the centre is a fountain with flower beds and grass, equipped with seats where patients may rest in the open air and listen to the music provided in the adjacent Lounge Hall.

The culminating event of Harrogate's season will be the Harrogate Musical Festival to be held in the Royal Hall from September 18 to September 23. This is the first of what is hoped will become an annual festival at the spa. The London Philharmonic Orchestra will play throughout and Dr. Felix Weingartner will conduct.

Yorkshire Dales.—While fundamentally a spa, Harrogate is also one of the finest travel centres in England. The famous Yorkshire dales are not far away—Nidderdale, Wharfedale, Wensleydale, Swaledale and others. The Pennines are also within reach—Ingleborough, Penyghent, the Whernsides and the well-known Buckden Pike. There are caves and waterfalls in several parts and mysterious pot-holes in the Craven country. Combined rail and walking tours from Harrogate cover some of the most picturesque parts of the district. Only 9 miles away is Fountains Abbey, the largest and most complete of monastic remains in this country. It has a superb setting. Picturesque Knaresborough, rising from the valley of the Nidd, presents a charming picture. Ripon and Harewood are in the neighbourhood and songsters have given Ilkla' Moor such advertisement that you will wish to say you have walked over it, with or without hat being immaterial.

It is from Knaresborough that Harrogate derives its priceless heritage, quaintly known as the Stray. This wide, open space, level and lawn-like, was once part of the ancient forest of Knaresborough.

The Harrogate high season runs from Whitsuntide to October and is at its peak about August and September, the months of polo and the York and Doncaster meetings. During the rest of the year there is plenty of social life and sport. The cure is available all the year round.

The French Line.—The French Line are again using some of their regular mail steamers for cruises during the next few months, the first being the *Colombie* from the West Indies and Spanish Main service, which will visit Scandinavia and the Baltic. She sails from Havre on July 21, and crossing from Southampton on the Thursday night you reach the French port in plenty of time to join the liner. She will be away 21 days. There are three classes, and I would draw your attention particularly to the "first class special" in which you have

A SHADY WALK BY THE STRAY: Numerous tree-lined paths by the great open space known as the Stray add very greatly to the amenities of Harrogate. The Stray links the upper with the lower town in unique fashion

second or intermediate cabins with the use of first-class public rooms and decks.

The *Colombie* will be followed on July 24 by the New York liner *De Grasse* which, on the way to Iceland, Norway and the Ice Barrier, will call at Granton on the Firth of Forth on July 26. There are other cruises on later dates.

Scandinavia.—A recent article in this section dealt with some places of outstanding interest in the Baltic. It may have revived happy travel memories for some and perhaps in others aroused a desire to go there to see for themselves. To both I would commend the new edition—the seventeenth, in fact—of Cook's *Guide to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, and Iceland*, which one is tempted to summarise rather loosely as Scandinavia. It is only about three years since the previous edition, but improvements, inspired by editorial progress and changes necessitated by schemes of public utility, have resulted in extensive revision of the text, and the excellent maps have been brought right up to date. Those who go to these countries take their travel seriously, and will consider half a guinea on this guide well spent. The general editorship was in the hands of Mr. T. G. Barman, who had the assistance of Mr. Sven Ahman of Stockholm, Mr. Geir H. Zoëga of Reykjavik, and Mr. Laurence Wright.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following are some of many replies recently sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Talloires.—You will not find a great deal of amusement, but it is a pleasant, moderately quiet place. We suggest the Hotel Beau Site which charges 50 to 65 francs per day en pension, or the smaller Pavillon de la Plage at 40 to 65 francs per day. Talloires is on the right bank of the Lac d'Annecy in a picturesque setting at an altitude of 1,570 ft. There are opportunities for many delightful walks and excursions in the neighbourhood.

Brittany.—We suggest you take your car from Southampton to St. Malo and it is essential to book space on the steamer well ahead. On leaving St. Malo make for Mont St. Michel which is well worth seeing, and then go inland a little, say to Antrain, where you are more certain of accommodation than on the coast. Then cross Brittany to a point near Vannes and take the coast road to Kerfany les Pins. You could explore the countryside around Quimper and return to St. Malo via Carhaix and St. Brieuc.

Dolomites.—On your tour in northern Italy you will find that two new roads have been opened in the Dolomite region. One crosses over the Palade Pass (4,987 ft.) linking up the village of Fondo (near the Mendola) with Merano; it forms part of the Mantua-Molveno-Merano road and extends for nineteen miles. The second is the Pennes road which links Bolzano with Vipiteno and traverses the Sarentina, Pennes and Isarco Valleys.

Beverley Brooke

A NEW SWISS AIRPORT OPENED: There has just been inaugurated at Locarno a new International Customs Airport. Its location is shown by the dotted lines. A group of Swiss and foreign pilots assisted at the opening functions, and immediately afterwards the regular lines Berne-Locarno and Locarno-Milan began their services. The new airport is big enough to permit of the landing of all types of aircraft

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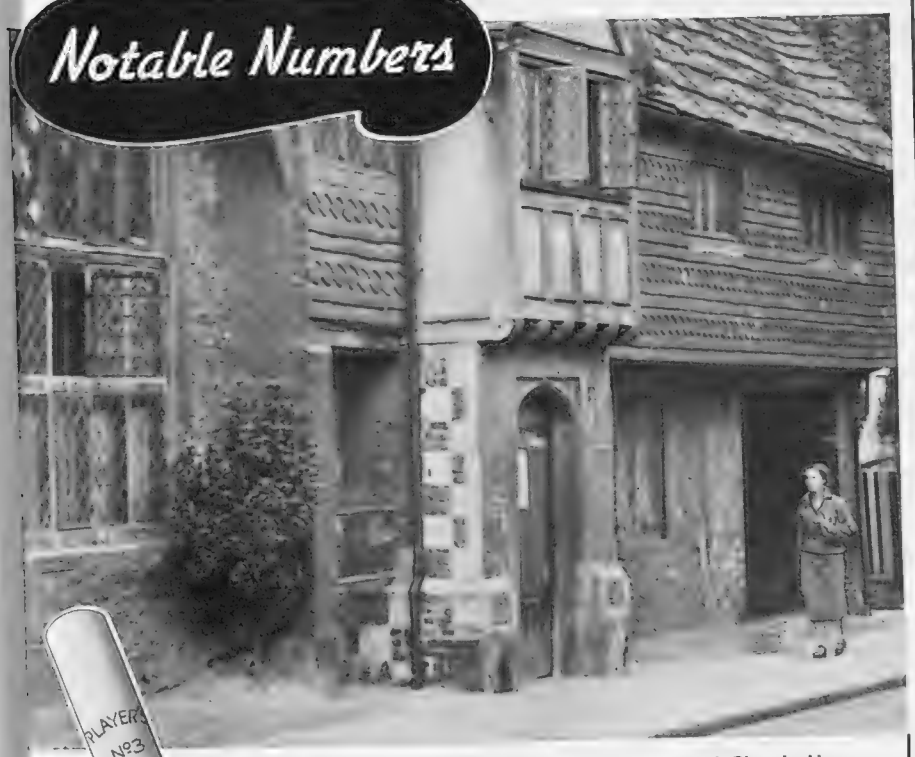

52, SOUTHOVER, HIGH STREET, LEWES. Anne of Cleve's House —a gift from Henry VIII to the Queen on her divorce.

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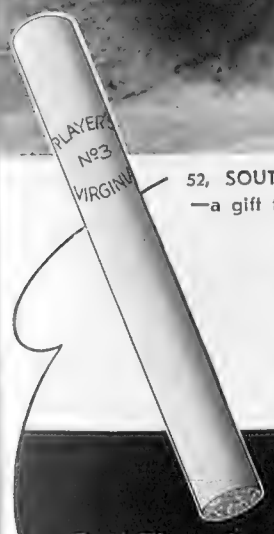

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In Quest of

The Delights of an Island the Ever Charming

THERE is quite a vogue at present for taking island holidays. We hear much talk of Burgh Island and of Jersey, of the Scilly Isles, the Isle of Man, and even the Outer Hebrides! And what more health-giving or delightful holiday can there be? For, to the average family whose first motive in taking a holiday is refreshment of mind and body, the sea is Universal Tonic No. 1. And island life is, apart from anything else, life in close contact with the sea.

And especially can this form of holiday be recommended, since in the British Isles it is so easily come by. I have already enumerated some half-dozen possible places at random, but by far the simplest for people who dwell in the neighbourhood of London, or anywhere in south-east England, is the ever-delightful Isle of Wight—isle of a thousand delights, isle of brightness, and, above all, isle of pleasing contrasts.

Just because the Isle of Wight is a trifle larger than some of the other islands round our coast, let nobody think that it has become spoiled and commercialised. In fact, it offers room enough to enjoy its many pleasant opportunities, and room, if you wish to do so, to dodge your fellow-men! For unlike some of the holiday islands round the British coast, the Isle of Wight is large enough to have an interior as well as a sea-board.

There is a rumour—as there will always be, I suppose, in connection with islands—that the Isle of Wight is difficult of access, a fantastic story to anyone who has tried it. Supposing you wish to go from London, you sit for an hour and a half in a smooth, fast, electric train. You then get out, and, walking probably not more than twenty steps, you transfer yourself on to the comfortable Southern Railway boat. The passage across the Solent—practically always calm, incidentally—lasts for half an hour, and at Ryde pier-head another twenty steps will take you into the little island train, which puffs backwards and forwards delivering passengers in most of the dozen or so townships.

But perhaps, if you are not yet acquainted with the Isle of Wight, it is good advice to suggest that you should visit it for the first time at least without a car, choosing some focal point as headquarters and getting about by train, bus, or Shanks's pony. And Shanks's pony is a beast which the fresh air and attractive scenery of the island gives you every incentive to exercise!

Where, then, should such a focal point be? On the north coast—at Cowes, Ryde, Seaview, or Bembridge Southwards—at Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, or Niton? Or, in the far west—at Totland Bay or Freshwater? I am assuming that you will choose your headquarters by the sea, and though no stay in the island is permissible without a visit to most, or all, of the places I have named, perhaps none other is more

---

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And here is peace . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable hotel for residence at any time of the year. London within easy reach. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

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Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911

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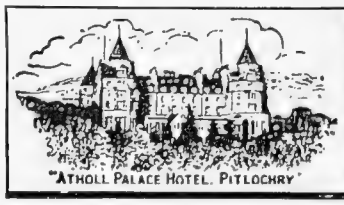
(it is but an hour's run to Glasgow and Edinburgh) this modern Hotel Hydro has advantages unknown in a city. Secluded and overlooking the hills of Perthshire it is a holiday centre in itself, offering its guests an unlimited choice of amusement and sport, including golf, tennis, bowling, swimming, badminton, talkies, and dancing. Fully licensed. Terms and illustrated brochure from A. P. Tregenna, Resident Manager. Managing Director, R. Gillies.

DUNBLANE HOTEL HYDRO, Dunblane, Perthshire, Scotland
Telephone: Dunblane 3161 (3 lines).



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PITLOCHRY, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Holiday: Where to Stay in Isle of Wight

suitable for a settled headquarters than Shanklin—the sunshine town of the island.

From Shanklin, the whole of the southern side of the island is easily coverable on foot; and the more outlying parts present no difficulties to the local bus services. Besides which, Shanklin is in itself without doubt one of the most attractive of the smaller seaside towns along the south coast. It is warm and sheltered, and yet, because it is built up on a hill from the sea, most of it is bracing. There is excellent bathing, and all the ordinary amenities that one expects of a seaside holiday, such as golf, tennis, riding, etc.

In Shanklin is a choice of hotels, but I should certainly find myself drawn towards Shanklin Towers Hotel, which in my opinion always seems to have a little something which the others haven't got. Here, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Gould dispense comfort and good cheer in an attractive well-equipped hotel, which is made all the more welcome by the friendly feeling within its portals. Constant experience of hotels—good, bad, and indifferent—has led me to reflect often on what an important factor in successful hotel-keeping is that indefinable term "good will." Without presuming to define exactly what this *does* mean in the hotel business, I can only say that I never leave Shanklin Towers without feeling that I have witnessed an excellent example of it. So that, although people of all ages and types will find themselves welcome and comfortable at Shanklin Towers, it does seem to me especially suitable for a young man or woman holiday-making alone. I don't think you could ever feel "out of it" for long in this friendly place. And there is plenty to do; for, in addition to such things as billiards and table tennis, there are two Grassphalte tennis courts, private bathing huts on the beach, and golf and riding close at hand.

But if I put Shanklin Towers first in my recommendations here, I must reserve a little corner of my friendly feeling for the Medehamstede Private Hotel, which I can confidently make my second recommendation.

Perhaps I have chosen Shanklin somewhat arbitrarily as a headquarters. It is, after all, a matter of taste, and if your tastes differ from mine I wish you well in whatever corner of the island you may choose. For I well know that at Ventnor or Totland Bay, Niton and Freshwater, Cowes, Ryde and Bembridge, are hotels large and small which, in their own way, are anxious to greet you with comfort, hospitality and a real island welcome.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

SCOTLAND—*continued.*

EDINBURGH THE ALISON HOTEL
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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath (Near).—Limpley Stoke Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281. 3282. 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon.)—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bridport.—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dover.—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Grassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—The Grand Hotel. Telephone 4631.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¾).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel. S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry.
Perthshire.—Castle Hotel, Glendevon.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

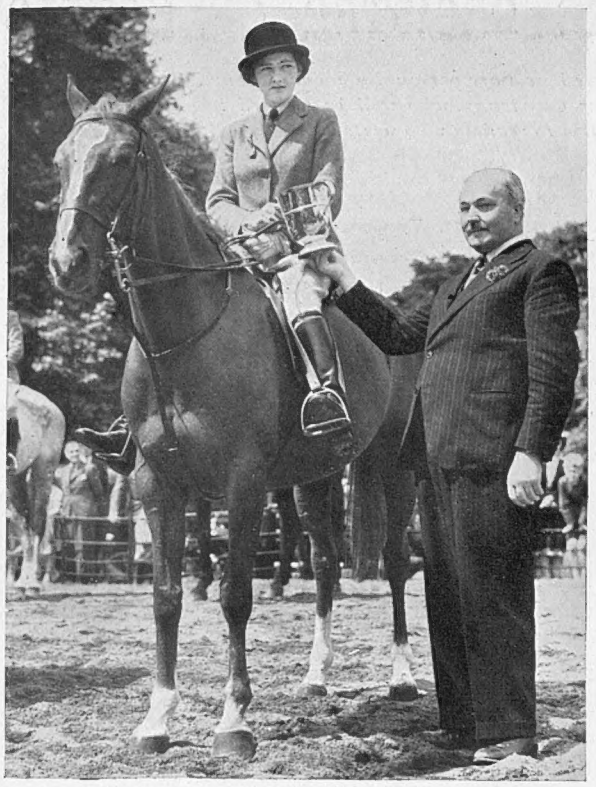
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.



MOUNTED ELEGANCE: Mr. Bernard Weatherill presenting a trophy to Miss J. Garraway which she won as the best astride lady rider at a recent display in Hyde Park

A VARIED WEEK IN THE LONDON THEATRE (*Continued from page 25*)

Sylvia Coleridge fell the embarrassing job of coming to life in her coffin after it had been chucked overboard and allowed to remain for a longish time at the bottom of the sea. Miss Margaret Vines was a pretty and pathetic Marina and the part is far from easy.

The Return of the Ballet.—Although the international situation seems to have given opera-lovers the jitters, those stout and manly folk, the "balletomanes," remain unperturbed by wars and rumours of wars and are flocking in vast numbers to Covent Garden, whither the Monte Carlo Russian Ballet have returned. They now call themselves "Educational Ballets"—a horrid term. No matter, since the high standard remains.

On the opening night was performed *Le Fils Prodigue*, a ballet new to London, which was produced during the recent Australian tour. The Biblical story is not followed at all closely, which possibly does not matter much. But the ballet itself is dull, which does matter.

M. Anton Dolin was mighty vigorous and athletic as the returned prodigal, and obviously had not been starving or anything like it. Prokofiev's music is also dull, and rather a nasty noise too. But there were some delicious old favourites to balance matters, and the dancing of Mlle Riabouchinska in *Aurora's Wedding* was a vision of grace and beauty rarely vouchsafed to us, even in first-class ballet.

CONTINUATIONS

THE PETROL WORLD

(*Continued from page 30*)

Holiday time has started and as the summer progresses so the number of motorists on vacation will increase. A certain proportion of these car owners will undoubtedly take a caravan holiday and if they have not had one of these trailers behind their car previously they would do well to consult some friend who has had experience in this direction and who will thus be in a position to point out the few snags that may occur and how to avoid them.

Owners of Standard cars will find helpful information about caravanning in a folder recently issued by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd. In this publication there is a comprehensive weights scale from the Eight to the Twenty showing the maximum weight allowed for the unladen caravan, the additional weight which may be carried in the van, and the number of passengers in the car, as well as the acceleration of the car when touring.

Most of us motorists have a fairly general idea of the vastness of our two great motoring organisations, the A.A. and the R.A.C., but every now and again we hear of some incident or of some work they have done which gives us a more precise knowledge of their wonderful organisation. For instance, I heard the other day that out of a total number of some 30,000 foreign itineraries to all parts of the world which the Automobile Association issued last year, nearly 1,000 were for journeys by road from England to the Near East and India. Roads to these parts are in fact so much used at the present time that the A.A. has evolved a standard route system to keep pace with the demand for detailed directions.

A series of route sections is now available in printed form with comprehensive notes on where to obtain petrol supplies, the state of the roads, hotel and other accommodation, ferry services, etc. On the back of each page directions are reversed for use on the return journey, and the scheme operates so efficiently that an accurate route through from London to Calcutta, a distance of more than 7,600 miles, can normally be supplied well within half an hour. A.A. members are assisted in their choice of routes which can be via Central Europe and the Balkan countries, or via France and the North African coast, by means of recent photographs showing typical road conditions to be met with on the various stages of the journey.

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company is continuing its season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera until July 15. The operas to be performed next week include *Ruddigore*, which will be performed on Saturday, July 8, both in the afternoon and evening. New pictures of this delightful opera, taken during the current season, appear in THE SPHERE'S new record of the operas, price 3s. 6d. Copies can be obtained from the Publisher, THE SPHERE Office, 32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

It was very gratifying to this Society to learn recently that at the Hanwell Contest held on May 20, the Bisley School Band won the first prize for the second year. In this Branch of the Society's activities, 320 boys are being given not only a good home and education, but are receiving that training which shall fit them for the place in life which they will fill when ready to leave the Society's care. Donations are much needed and legacies are earnestly solicited for the continuance of help in years to come. Please send donations to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Rubens Hotel.—Finest Hotel facing sea. Near Casino—Golf—Tennis.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near Golf, Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes et Pavillon Eden-Roc.—Unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

Aix-les-Bains.—Hotel Beau Lieu.—Family hotel. Famous cooking. Moderate terms. Open all the year.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest) Brenners Parkhotel. Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.—Gasteinerhof.—Sunniest hotel. 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. from RM.9,50. Patr. by English soc. Open in winter.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Des Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Gastein.—Parkhotel Bellevue.—The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

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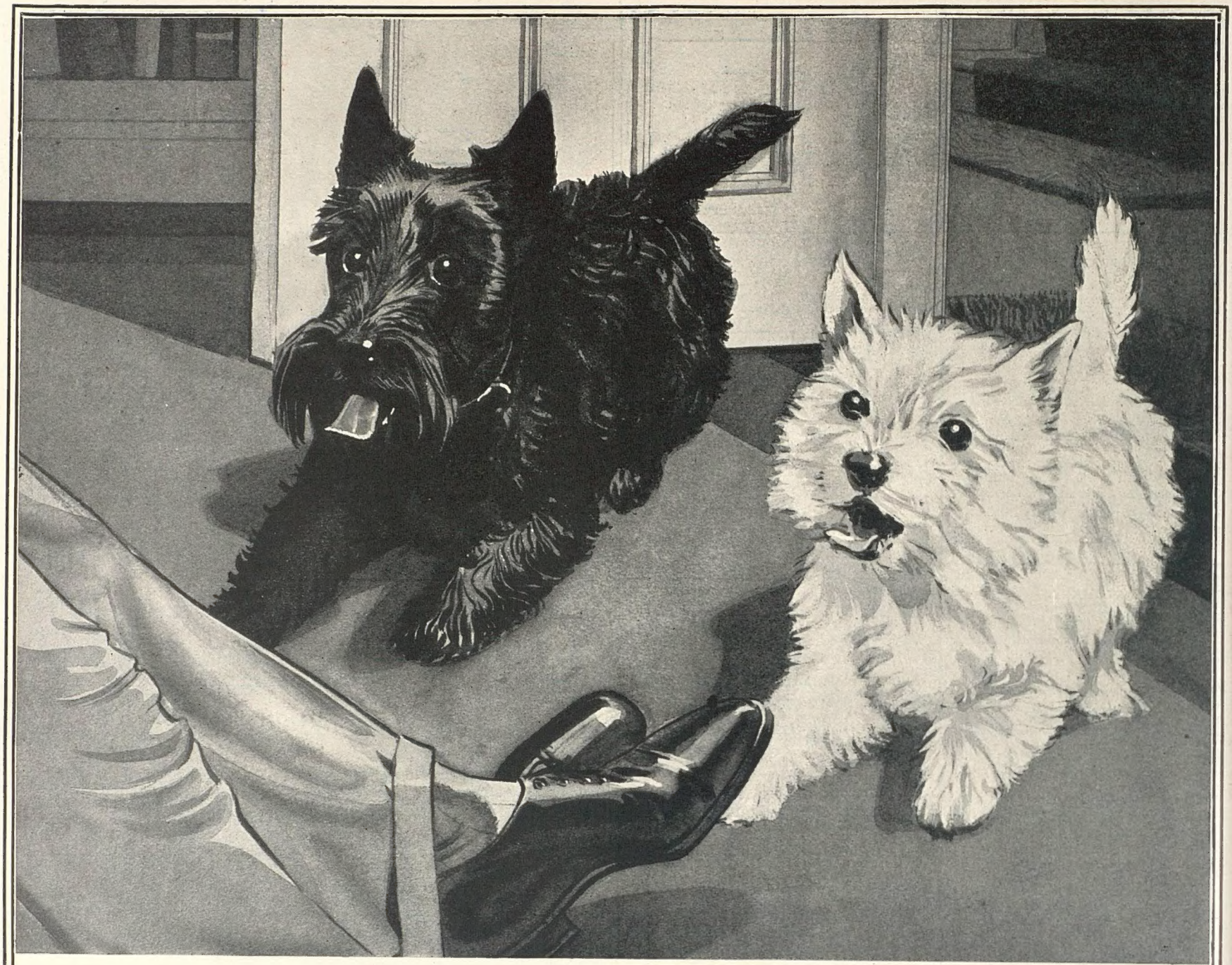

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